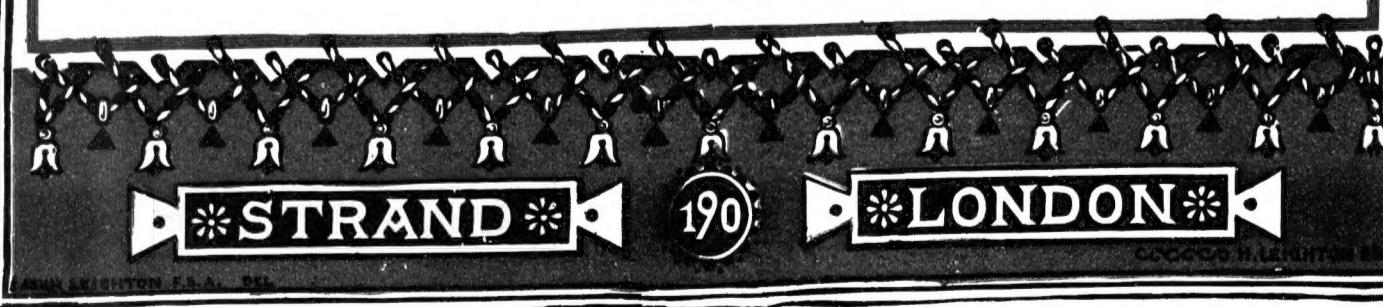


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,538

MAY 20, 1898

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

May 2010

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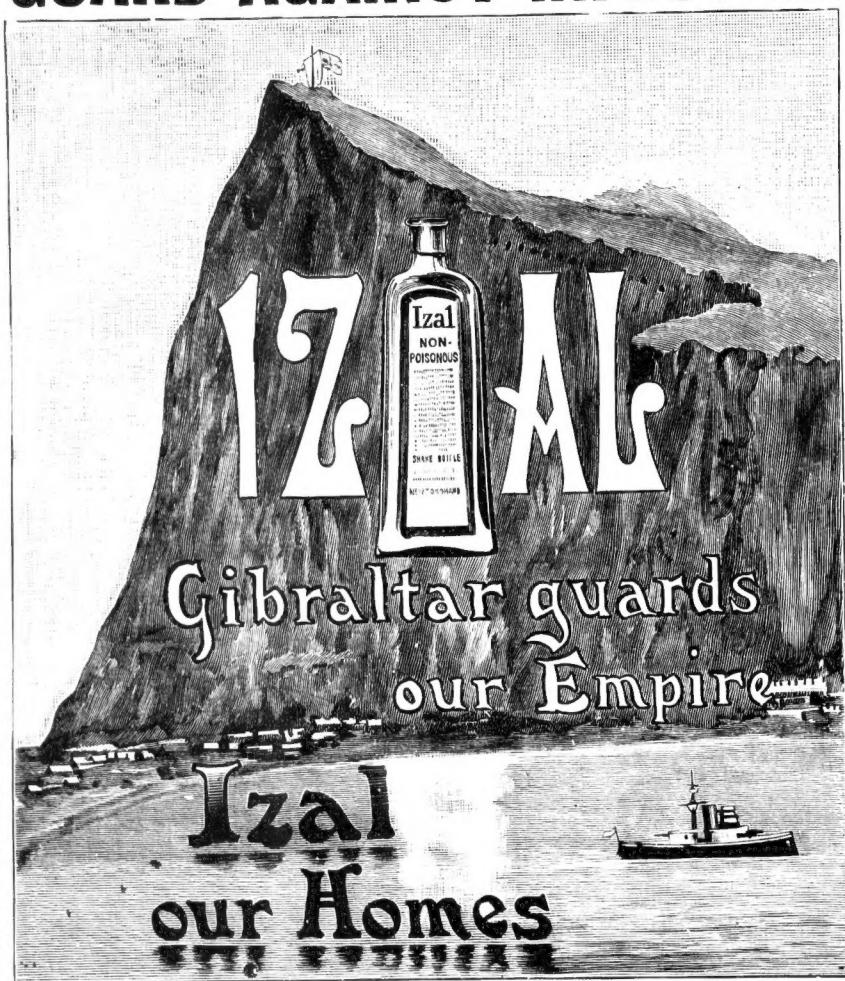
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,538—VOL. LIX. EDITION  
Registered as a Newspaper DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899

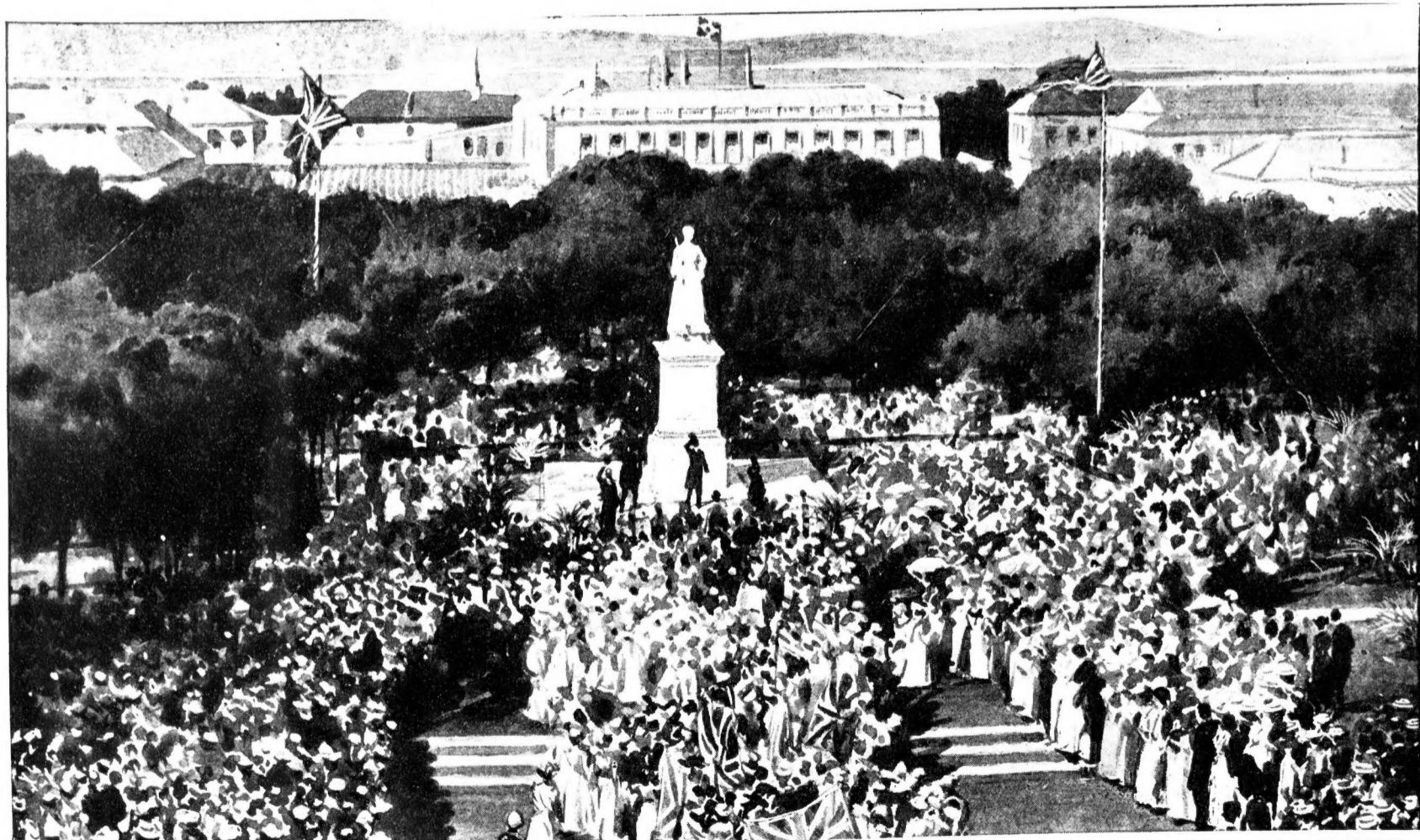
WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS  
"The New Royal Yacht" and  
"The Queen at South Kensington"

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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Just before leaving Paddington or Buckingham Palace, the Queen caught sight of Tim, the railway dog, which collects for the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Great Western Railway employees. Her Majesty directed that the dog should be brought to the carriage. Accordingly Inspector Bush, the owner of the dog, held Tim up to the door of the carriage, when Princess Beatrice gave him a handsome donation.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON: AN UNEXPECTED PRESENTATION AT PADDINGTON



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

There was an impressive demonstration of Colonial loyalty at Durban, when the statue of the Queen was unveiled recently by the Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson. The statue, which has been erected in memory of the Diamond Jubilee, at the cost of 1,900*l*, is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. The

monument stands in the Town Gardens, opposite the Town Hall. There was quite a military display on the occasion of the unveiling ceremony, bluejackets from H.M.S. *Phitomel* assisting the Natal Naval Volunteers, the Mounted Rifles, and the Durban Light Infantry.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT DURBAN: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WALLACE BRADLEY, DURBAN

## Topics of the Week

More Chinese Worries

A WEEK ago we were all congratulating ourselves on the prospects of a quiet time in foreign affairs, especially in the Far East. Lord Salisbury's agreement with Russia had given general relief, and an atmosphere seemed to have been created peculiarly suitable for the discussion of Universal Peace, which opened on Thursday in the romantic Huis ten Bosch. The Far Eastern question is, however, one of those obstinate phenomena to which the French have fitted the epigrammatic locution, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* It is inscrutably and inexorably designed, as Lord Salisbury once said of the African Continent, to be "the plague of Foreign Offices," and, do what we may, we cannot curtail its powers of mischief. The past week has been quite a typical week of China crises. The Germans have had disturbances in Shantung. We have had something of the same kind on a larger scale in Kaulung, and have been compelled to occupy Kaulung City. Then the eternal quarrel with Russia, composed on the other side of the Great Wall, has broken out again with all its own virulence in an unsuspected place on the hither side of the crumbling boundary of the Middle Kingdom. Finally, we have had another book on China, which has helped not a little to emphasize the pessimist trend of public opinion, since its author, Lord Charles Beresford, has given it the title of "The Break-Up of China." In this catalogue of woes, however, there is nothing actually very serious. We have mastered Kaulung as the Germans have mastered Shantung, and when the public have fully mastered Lord Charles Beresford's book they will have acquired a vast amount of instruction which will help them to withstand the lugubrious prophecy contained in its title. The most disagreeable and disquieting incident is the reported renewal of the Anglo-Russian diplomatic conflict in the north. The Russians are said to have applied to the Tsung-li-Yamen for a railway concession to connect their Manchurian line with Peking. At what point it is proposed that this line shall leave the Manchurian railroad has not been stated; but it is freely rumoured in Peking that the connection is to be effected by a loop-line running from Shau-hai-Kwan to the Chinese capital. If this be true, there can be no doubt that the Russians are intent on a very serious infraction of the spirit, if not the letter, of the recently concluded Agreement with this country, and, what is worse, that their object is to strike a hostile blow at British railway interests in the north of China. A Russian railway making the short cross-country cut from Shau-hai-Kwan to Peking would ruin the Peking-Tientsin-Shau-hai-Kwan line, which has been mortgaged to British capitalists, and hence would deprive them of their security for the loan they recently advanced to construct the Niu-chwang railway. This, in itself, would not be a very serious matter, because Great Britain is quite capable of taking care of herself, and she is not likely to permit the Tsung-li-Yamen to grant a concession calculated to inflict so much injury on her nationals. But what is very disconcerting about it is the revelation it affords of the spirit by which our new Russian friends are animated towards us. It is a sort of warning that our efforts to arrive at a permanent understanding with Russia are vain and visionary, inasmuch as the Russians themselves are determined to remain hostile to us. Happily, we have not as yet any official confirmation of the stories in circulation, and it is still quite possible that we have to do only with the mischievous suggestion of some Anglophobe understrapper, and not with any deliberate act of Russian policy. We trust this may be the case, especially as the contrary theory would involve the advisers of the Tsar in a charge of gross hypocrisy in convening the Peace Congress at The Hague at a time when their minds were filled with so much envy and uncharitableness.

## The Queen in Town

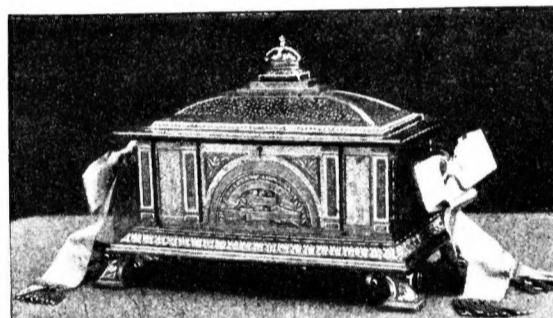
EXCEPTIONAL interest has been felt in the Queen's visit to town this week. Not only is it the first time that Her Majesty has been in London this year, but the near approach of the Queen's eightieth birthday made her people especially eager to greet their Sovereign. Each of the three days which Her Majesty spent at Buckingham Palace had its own special function; indeed, almost every moment of the Royal visit was mapped out.

Monday morning looked very unpromising for the Queen's arrival in town, but the weather followed the usual tradition in clearing up before the Royal train ran into Paddington. Various members of the Royal Family who had been staying at Windsor arrived a little earlier, and only the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and Princess Beatrice came with Her Majesty, who was warmly cheered as she drove from the station to Kensington Palace, escorted by Horse Guards. An amusing incident before the Queen left Paddington was in connection with the

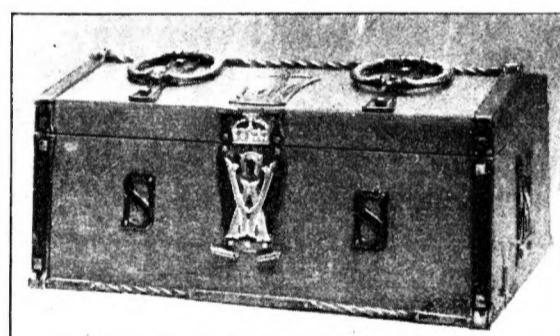
Irish terrier Tim, which collects for the railway charities. At Her Majesty's request the dog was held up to the carriage, when the Queen patted him and Princess Henry of Battenberg put a sovereign into his box. Her Majesty's visit to her birthplace was private. Only a few officials received the Royal party to accompany the Queen through the rooms where she played as a child. Her Majesty was delighted with the judicious way in which the restoration has been carried out, the rooms resembling very closely their original condition, thanks to the style and arrangement of the furniture. Appropriately enough the walls are hung with pictures of the great events of the Queen's life—her coronation, wedding, &c. Her Majesty went through the rooms



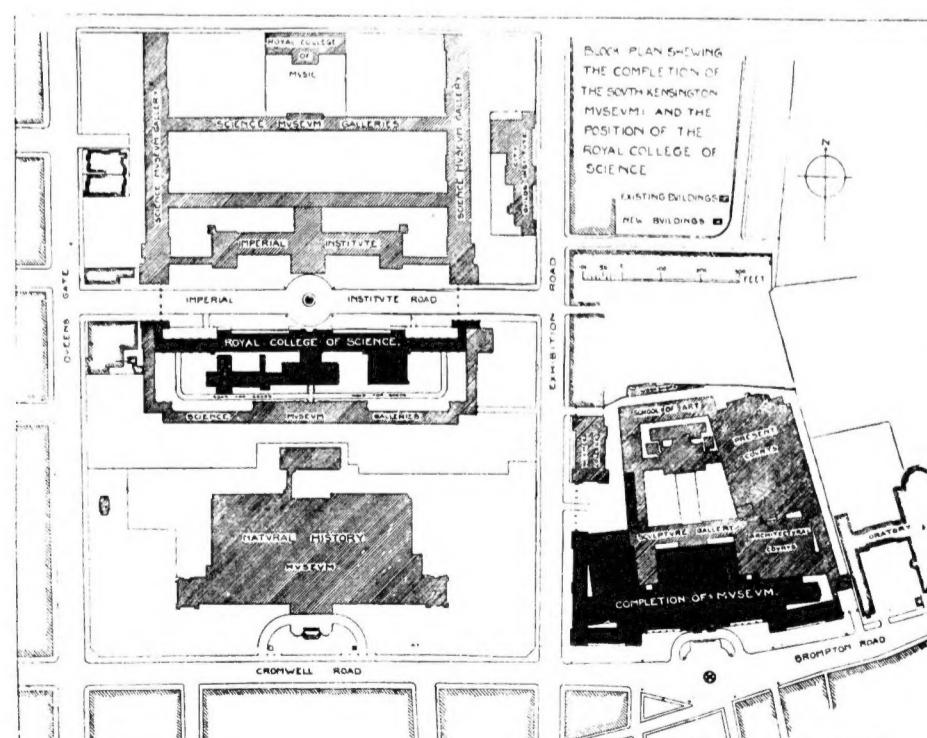
THE TROWEL USED BY THE QUEEN IN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE



CASKET PLACED BY THE QUEEN UNDER THE FOUNDATION-STONE



THE CASE IN WHICH THE TROWEL WAS ENCLOSED



PLAN SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEW BUILDING

The existing museum of South Kensington occupies a large area of ground only partially built over, at the corner edge by the block of science buildings. It is now proposed to build a handsome frontage extending from the Oratory and turning at a right angle into the Exhibition Road, thus enclosing the whole site and backing on to the existing buildings of the museum.

very slowly, pointing out to her companions various objects she remembered, and being specially interested in her old bed, which she was so pleased to have to herself as a child. They reached Buckingham Palace to lunch, and drove out with the Duchess of Hesse in the afternoon, passing through the Guards to the Embankment, and through Piccadilly to the. There was a dinner party in the evening.

With the Queen herself present the Drawing Room was, of the most brilliant of the season. Still, only a favoured few made their bow to Her Majesty, for, after receiving the Dipl Corps and those having the right to the *entrée*, the Queen according to her usual custom, Princess Christian receiving the of the company. Meanwhile Her Majesty drove out, and dinner party finished the day's programme.

## THE CEREMONY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

A MORE brilliant social spectacle than that presented at Kensington when the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Museum which is to bear her name, has not been seen in London since the days of the Diamond Jubilee. A colossal marquee, gaily dressed with flags, covered an amphitheatre of seats, in which a grand covered dais occupied the lowest level. A carriage road, which ran by the side of the dais, cut the amphitheatre in half, and tier above it, rose an array of spectators, which embraced all distinguished in the professions, in the arts, and—not least—society. Upon the dais there were fewer ladies than in tiers of the vast theatre; but so brave was the array uniforms, that even to outward appearance it was not brilliant. Prime Ministers and Princes of the Church shoulder to shoulder with great soldiers and Princes of the blood. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Devonshire, one prominent group of three among those who awaited arrival of the Queen; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Mr. Chamberlain and the Prince of Wales form another group of even less congruous elements.

As a ceremony the stone-laying struck the observers as being briefer than most memorable ceremonies; the great event came and passed almost before one realised its presence. The Prince of Wales and one of his daughters, the Duchess of Fife, came about ten minutes before the arrival of the Queen; and almost immediately afterwards the Duke and Duchess of York—little Prince Edward of York came quite early with a very tall lady. One hardly had realised that all the guests had come, and had more or less informally taken their place upon the dais, before one heard the rattle of the words of command outside the marquee, an answering order inside to the Yeomen of the Guard, and the fanfare of the Queen's trumpeters to proclaim that the Queen had come. It had almost the effect of a surprise, and though the great assemblage rose, the cheers which greeted Her Majesty were subdued as if people were afraid of interrupting. The Queen's pleased face, however, still testified to the warmth of her reception outside the marquee, and she lifted her veil and put on her gold spectacles as the Duke of Devonshire stepped forward to read the address. It was a rather long address, detailing the history of the Museum, the circumstances of its inception, and the "especial protection" which the Queen had vouchsafed to it. It recalled also the connection which the Prince Consort had had with it, and to conclude it prayed the Queen to associate it with her reign by conferring on it the name of herself and her lamented Consort. The Queen did not reply in words, but, according to the custom of the occasion, handed to the Duke of Devonshire's keeping the written text of her speech. It ran as follows:—

"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. It is a great pleasure to me to be here to lay the foundation-stone of the building which will worthily contain the magnificent collection of objects illustrating the fine and industrial arts which have been brought together on this site during the period of my reign."

"My interest in this great institution, which in its inception and during its early days I shared with my dear husband, has grown with its progress and development, and I rejoice that I have been able to take a personal part in the completion of a scheme which will be not the least distinction of my reign, and which will, I trust, continue to be a powerful factor in the industrial enlightenment and the artistic training of my people."

"I am pleased that the priceless collection of treasures which the munificence of private persons and the public spirit of Parliament have brought together, will always be associated with my name and my dear husband's."

"In compliance with your prayer, I gladly direct that in future this institution shall be styled the 'Victoria and Albert Museum,' and I trust it will remain for ages a monument of discerning liberality and a source of refinement and progress."

After the gracious speeches the gracious act. The Queen's carriage drew up a few paces further along the road that ran by the side of the foundation-stone until Her Majesty was exactly opposite, and then, aided by the Prince of Wales, the Queen took her share in laying the stone well and truly. First she touched the address presented to her and the tray of coins, and these were thereupon deposited in the gold casket, which the architect of the Museum, Mr. Aston Webb, placed in the hollow of the stone. The hollow was covered up, the Queen delicately mortared a fragment of it, and the Prince of Wales and the attendant Mason finished the rest. Finally the Prince, in a voice that rang over the great concourse of listening spectators, said, "In the name of Her Majesty the Queen, I declare this stone well and truly laid." There was a murmur of applause, instantly subdued, as the Archbishop of Canterbury in his Convocation robes came forward to pronounce the Benediction. A few moments' reverent silence followed the Benediction, and after that, one band and then another burst into "God Save the Queen," and, amid cheers all the louder for being long suppressed, the Queen drove away.



## THE GRAPHIC

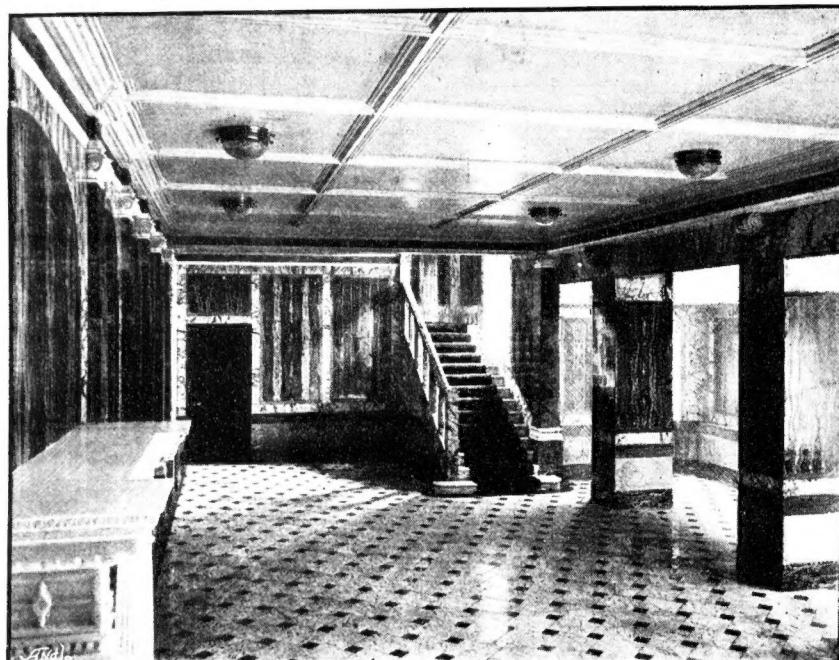


THE EXTERIOR

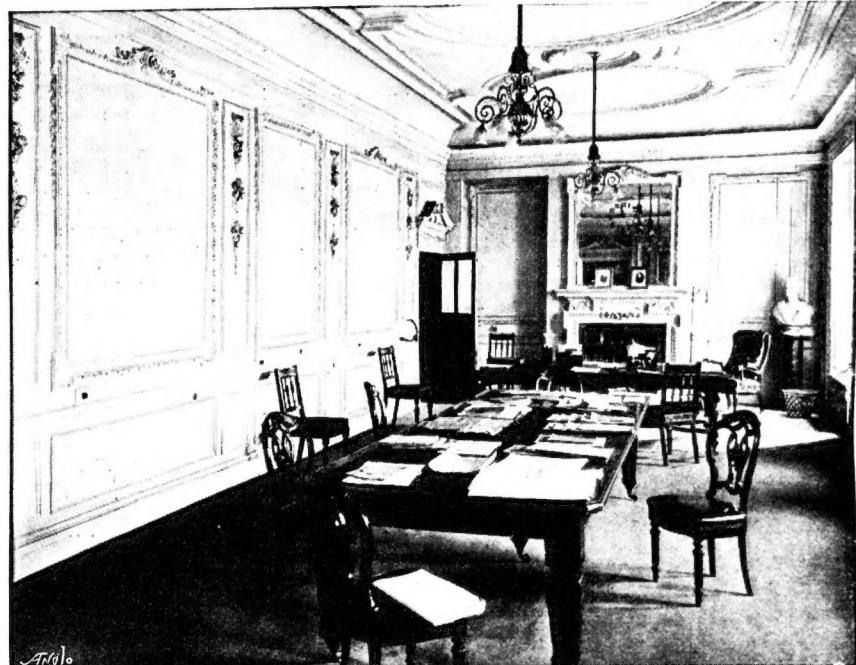
year, when the Institution entered into possession of a new home of its own. Like many other now powerful societies, the Institution had a very small beginning, and for the first seven years of its existence its members averaged only 200. In 1856, however, summer meetings in the leading centres of engineering throughout the kingdom were inaugurated, and from that date its numbers increased rapidly, until at the present time the Institution counts nearly 2,700 members and possesses an annual income of over 8,000*l.* The proceedings now fill over fifty volumes, and transactions are exchanged with 103 societies—forty-seven inland and fifty-six foreign. A special feature is the establishment of Research Committees to investigate and report on questions relating to mechanical engineering, and on this object the society has expended 4,000*l.* within the last twenty years. Sir William White is the present head of the Institution, and amongst its former presidents figure such world-famous names as George and Robert Stephenson, Sir William Fairbairn, Sir Joseph Whitworth, Lord Armstrong, Sir William Siemens, and many others.



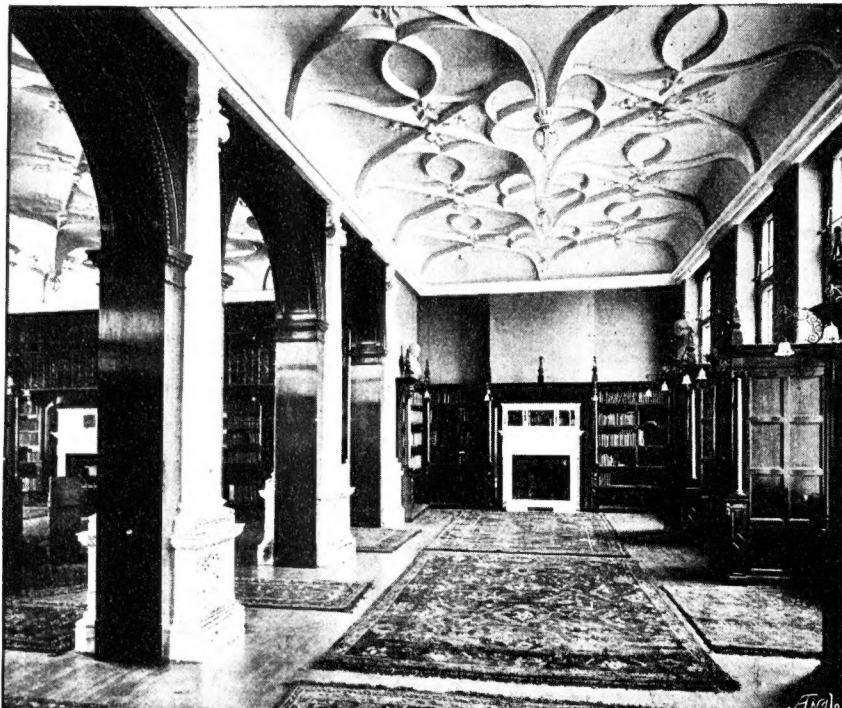
THE VESTIBULE



THE MARBLE TEA-ROOM



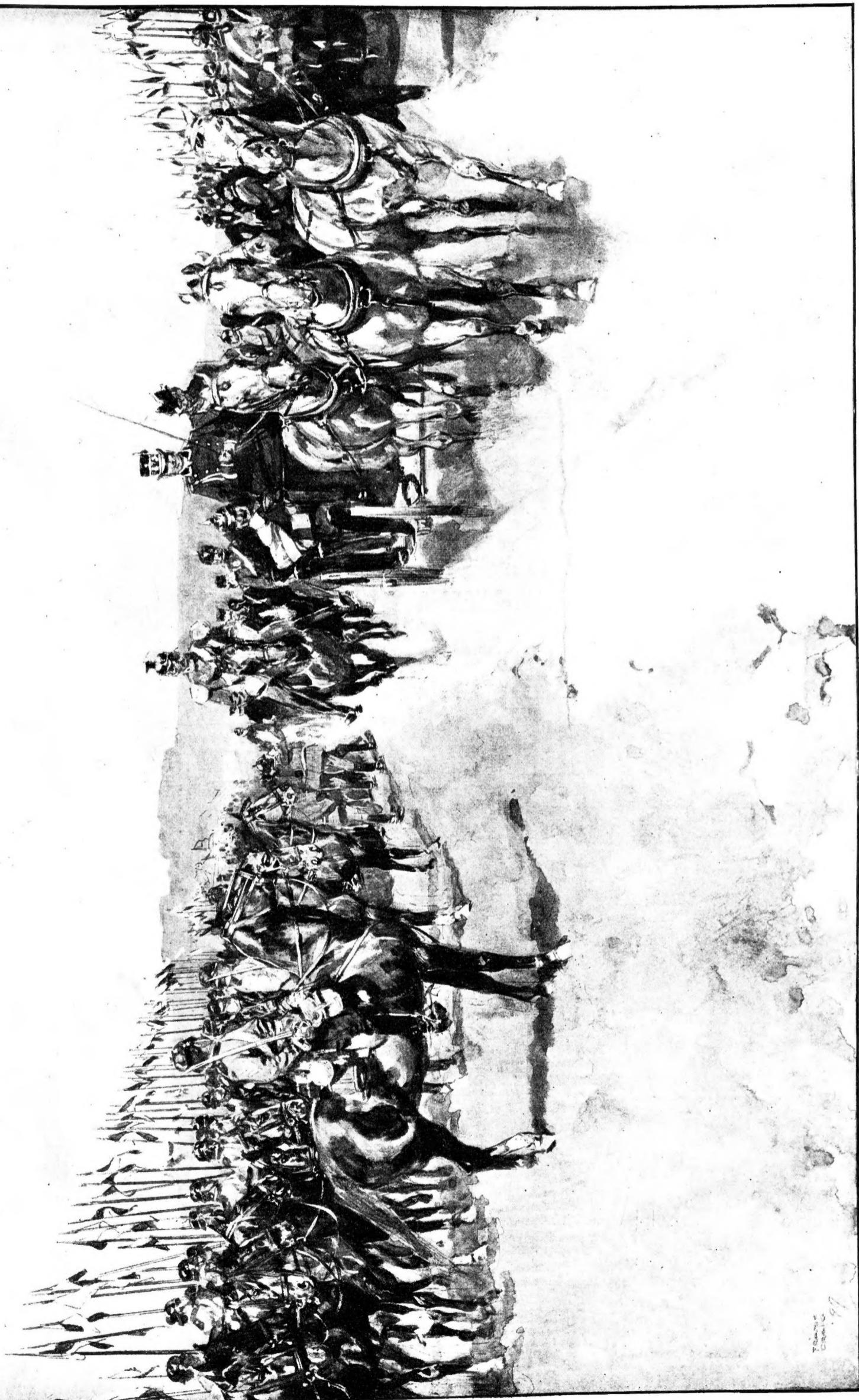
THE READING-ROOM



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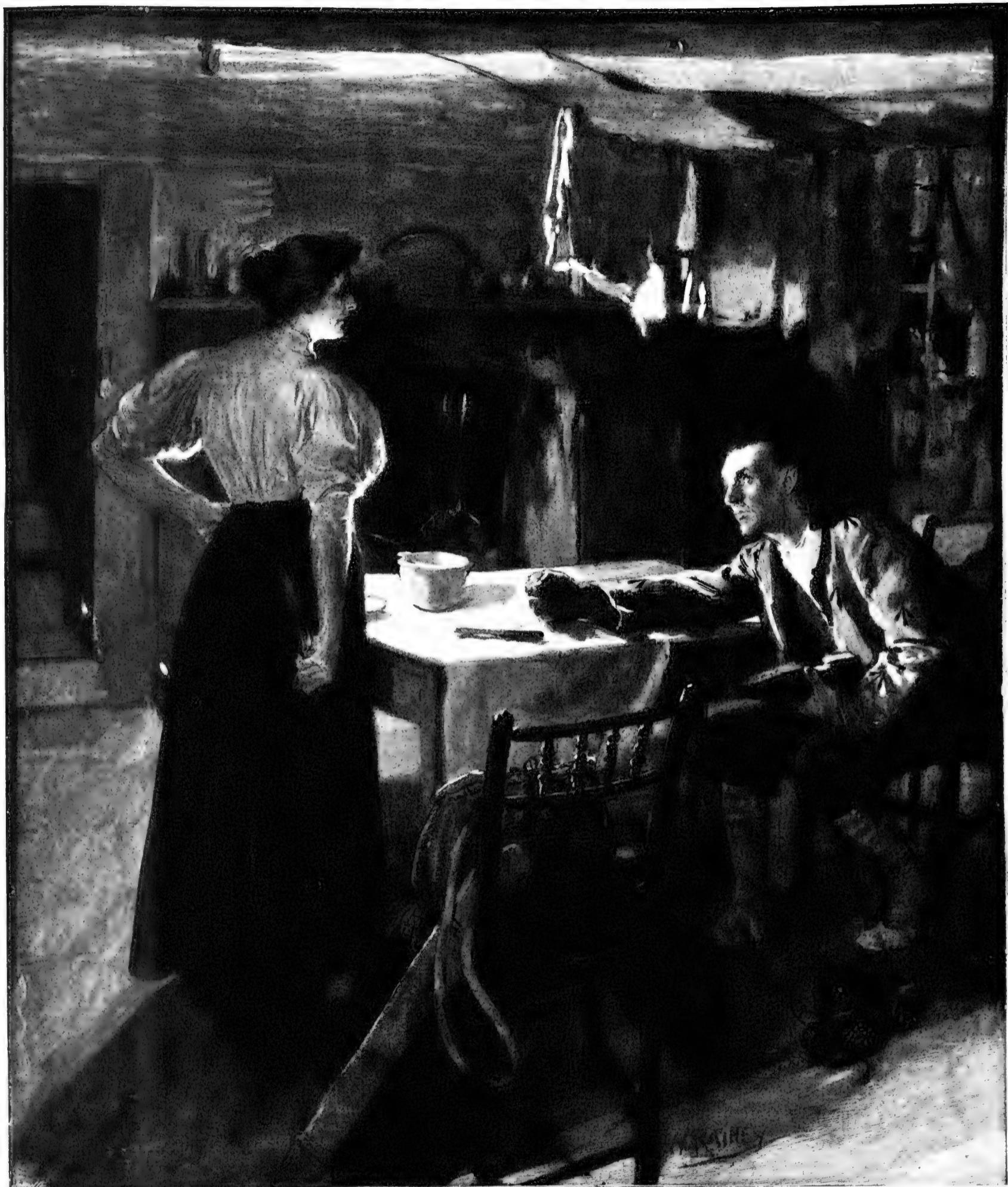
On the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new fort on the summit of the St. Blaise Hill, at Aro, near Metz, on the Moselle, the Emperor William inspected troops of the Sixteenth Army Corps

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO METZ: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL ON THE PARADE GROUND



A ROYAL SALUTE: PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK'S ARRIVAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART ON HER WAY TO THE PAVILION.  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SOUTHERN KENSINGTON



"By the candlelight she observed his face. He was not ill-looking, as far as features went, but the close-cropped hair was disfiguring; the jaws were heavy and the lips coarse; above all, the expression of his face was villainous. He asked himself—Had she the knife, or did she threaten merely?"

## SIXPENCE ONLY

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by W. RAINESY

### II.

"YOUR chamber is ready, sir," said Faith.

"And, by George, I am ready for it. The moor air has made me confoundedly sleepy."

"Please, sir, follow me."

She led the way, holding the candle low, that the young man might see each step of the rude stair.

"There be one ter'rible shaky. You'll be pleased to mind thickey," said she.

"Such a getting upstairs I never did see," observed the visitor. "By the beard of the prophet, unless you'd extracted the thorn from my knee and rendered it flexible, I could not have done it."

The room into which he was ushered was very neat; the walls whitewashed, the window low, with a muslin blind before it; the

"plancheon," as Faith called the floor, of plain boards, with only a scrap of carpet by the bed. The latter was small, everything on it scrupulously clean. But there was about the apartment that particular smell which is so often found in farmhouses and cottages, where the feathers of which pillows and beds are made have not been thoroughly dried and the quill ends cut off.

A gaudily coloured German lithograph, representing some sacred subject, was the only adornment of the white wall.

"No Pears' soap here," said the fisherman, looking at the washing-stand. "Old blue mottled. It's a century and a half since I had an application of that—not since I was a schoolboy. I doubt if my epidermis will endure it. I travel for a new soap company. I'll send you some on trial when I get back to work; and perhaps you'll recommend the firm to your distinguished neighbours."

"I wish you good-night, sir."

"By the way—my boots. Can they be cleaned? I'll put them outside."

"Sir," said the girl hastily, "I'll be much obliged if you will not do so. You see," she added in explanation, "I shouldn't take 'em in the morning, and you might chance to tumble over 'em; it be dark on the landing. I'll do what I can to 'em to-morrow, after you're down."

"No blacking, I suppose. Ah! well. We are in the wilds."

"I wish you a good-night, sir."

"And the same to you, mademoiselle."

Then she shut the door.

He looked at it after she left. There was no lock, no bolt.

"Bah!" said he; "no men in the house. No danger, though these people are savages. Now for Morphæus."

Faith re-entered the kitchen. She found the escaped convict

there; he was still in his stocking soles. He put his boots on the hearth.

"I can let 'em dry now," muttered he with a chuckle. "Shan't want 'em—send the warders after the false drag, over the hills and far away."

Faith said nothing. There was a recess, forming almost a little room, adjoining the kitchen, with the chimney serving as one side of it.

Without a word she went into this, cleared the floor, and then, passing through the kitchen to her grandmother's room, brought from it a spare mattress, which she threw on the ground in the alcove.

Then she went back once more, and shortly after reappeared with a blanket.

"There," said she, "you can sleep on that if you like; it's warm in the kitchen, and you're right by the fire grate, and the mattress will keep you off the stones."

"I say," whispered the convict, "give me an idea how to go if I leave this 'ouse. I don't want to run into the arms of the bloomin' warders, you understand. I'd like to clear off the moor and sheer away—to the London road."

"I don't know nothin' about the London road," said Faith; "but if you want to be off go at once."

"I know two of that," said the man with an ugly laugh. "You don't think—but there, I won't say nowt. By mornin' I bet thou art shut of me. Leave me a bit o' meat or sommut to take for my breakfast."

"I have nothing but a crust. The new bread is not baked. Are you not afraid o' your boots getting hard so close to the fire?"

"Oh! the boots!" he chuckled. "Them bloomin' boots with the broad arrow—I think I shall leave 'em behind, for the use of some other cove."

"Well, go and lie down. I must go to my granny."

The girl blew out the candle and left the kitchen. But she had hardly laid herself down by the old woman, who was asleep, before a great dread came over her. She thought of the laugh of the convict, of the way in which his eyes had observed the traveller for the soap business, of his hints concerning the boots; and she felt convinced that during the night he would make an attempt to rob the young fisherman. This youth had spoken freely of his money, had shown his purse—the convict could obtain from him all he needed: clothing, boots, cash—and the bedroom door was hasped only, and could not be fastened.

A deadly fear came over the girl; sweat drops stood on her brow. What if the ruffian should enter the bedroom in the darkness, stumble over the boots, rouse the sleeper, and a struggle were to ensue. She knew that the fellow was unscrupulous enough even to murder the man whom he desired to rob. His one, his paramount object was to escape off the moor, and into a town where he might disappear among the refuse of the population.

What was to be done? What could be done?

She lay still. She was not undressed; she had merely removed her shoes. She clasped her hands over her face and considered.

Then she made a resolve. She saw but one possible course. She rose from the bed, and stealthily, noiselessly, crept back into the kitchen.

All there was dark, save for the faint glow of the peat ash. The clock ticked noisily, and the convict was turning on his mattress, and did not hear her. Moreover, the wind had risen, and was sighing in the thatch, and piping under the door. On tiptoe she crept step by step to the foot of the stair, mounted it, breathless, and with the utmost caution, using care that the timber should not creak. Then, on reaching the top, she laid herself athwart the doorway into the apartment that had been her own, but which she had abandoned to the stranger who travelled for soap. She would lie there through the night to protect the room against intrusion, and its inmate from robbery.

The boards were hard. The place was not cold; such heated air as there was in the kitchen ascended the stairs.

The girl was hungry—she had eaten nothing since noon. She remained on the alert, listening, expecting, fearing—scheming what to do should the convict venture on the stair.

Tick-tick-tick. The clock continued its monotonous pulsation; a minute before the hour ensued a turr-rr, but no stroke of the gong; for that had been unscrewed and removed, so as not to disturb the grandmother. The hammer still beat, but beat in empty space. Nevertheless Faith knew pretty well what the hour was when the thrill came.

Thrice had come this sound, and all remained quiet below. No movement on the part of the convict, nothing to indicate that he meditated mischief. Before the fourth vibration of the striker, Faith had dropped into a doze—not sound, uneasy—nevertheless she was unconscious.

Then—how long after she knew not—she was aware of a plucking at her gown, and then a heavy pressure on her chest. She started up—against somebody, and reared herself against the bedroom door, with arms extended. No cry, not a word escaped her.

Then she heard steps stumbling down the stair.

The man had stolen up. He had trodden on her gown, where it hung down on a step below the landing, and this had first roused her—it had been as though a hand had pulled her. Next his other foot had rested momentarily upon her breast. The man, alarmed, not understanding what had confronted him, went to the fire; he was silent and motionless for a while. Then a sudden light sprang up in the kitchen, and, a moment later, Faith saw the ruffian at the foot of the stairs, holding some flaming twigs above his head, and looking up at her.

He snorted.

Still holding the gorse twigs, now reduced to a bunch of glowing red spots, he attempted to mount.

She immediately descended, but did not leave the foot of the stairs.

"Let me pass," he whispered; "I'll do thee no harm. I want his clothes and boots. I'm boun' to have 'em."

"You shall not pass."

"I will kill you."

"I will cry out. Then we shall be two against one, and, let me tell you, I'm a stout, strong girl—that I be."

He threw down the smouldering furze twigs on the floor. There was now hardly any light within—only a feeble lurid glare from the hearth.

"I've took the carving knife with me," said Faith, "and if you

dare touch I, you'll have thick knife in your ribs. I've killed a pig afore now, and I reckon you won't take more killin' than he."

"Thou'rt a daring lass."

"I'll never allow you to go up there to that soapman's room and rob he—under our roof."

The man remained in hesitation.

If she had the knife she might injure him, and he was without a weapon. If she called, the stranger who travelled for soap would be roused, and might be trusted to show fight.

"Hearken to me," said Faith in a low tone. "Kindle the candle again. There's an old stump o' a knife I uses for a turn-screw in the table drawer. You set to wi' that, and work out the nail that make the broad arrow in your boots. Then begone afore the morning breaks, and get along your way. If you bide here mischief will come to you for certain. You may be strong, but two arms be no match for four."

The convict did as bid. He went to the hearth, and again lighted a bunch of furze, and with it kindled the candle on the table.

Then he attempted persuasion. He would do no harm, let him get the clothes and boots. It would be a joke for that traveller to go off and be chivied by the police or the warders. He'd put the story in a magazine, and get paid—Lord knows how many pounds—and buy himself a new suit with it. He himself, said the young convict, he was a poor chap as did no one any wrong. "He was taken up for someone else's fault, and the chaplain gave him a good character. If he got clear away he'd live respectable ever after, and be honest and religious. He had a poor old mother, who was dying, and the reason he had broke out was he did want to see her once more."

But Faith remained resolute, unmoved. She did not believe the story. He saw at last that she could not be deceived, and laughed.

"Now then," said he, in a hoarse whisper. "I'll give you a notion. I will take his boots and clothes. The cove has money. Thou shalt have all that, and say that I runned away with the brass as well as his coat and breeks and boots. Will that suit you?"

Faith shook her head—she was angry, insulted at the suggestion.

"Darn me if thou'rt not a queer lass," said the young fellow; and he set to work with the broken knife at the soles of the boots.

Faith did not desert her post at the foot of the stair. She remained ready to summon the sleeper, and to defend the passage to his room.

The man looked sharply at her now and again, but her eye continued fixed on him, and he knew that it would be in vain for him to escape her vigilance and make an effective dash at the stair.

By the candle light she observed his face. He was not ill-looking as far as features went, but the close-cropped hair was disfiguring; the jaws were heavy and the lips coarse; above all, the expression of his face was villainous.

He asked himself—Had she the knife, or did she threaten merely?

He could not decide.

Presently, when he had removed the heads of sufficient of the nails to make the figure on the soles unrecognisable, he put on the boots and laced them. This was a recognition that he had abandoned his intention of robbing the stranger. Then he raised his head, rested his elbows on the table, thrust the candle aside, and, looking steadily at the girl, said: "With the poker I could brain you, but I don't want to hurt you, nor that cove neither. Now I've settled up my boots I'm easier in mind. But there is something more, lass. I don't know my way off the moor. If I could get away before dawn—clear right off—I'd manage about my togs somehow, and nobody would catch me. I swear I'll go, and go at once, lass, if thou'dt do one thing for me."

"What be that?"

"There's one o' two things for me," said the young man. "I must get away; it's a matter I can't scruple about. Get away I must and will. One way or t'other. One way is for me to borrow that fellow's garments. He can afford a new suit, I can't afford to be without. Dost thou not see that this is everything to me? Let me go up. I'll not injure him. Only borrow—"

Faith shook her head.

"And the other thing?" she asked.

"Nay," said he, "screwing up thy mouth like this is as much as saying it is no good."

"Tell me what you want?"

"I want to be off the moor, where I don't know where there be a road, and which is my direction, and whether I'm not runnin' into the lion's mouth. I'll go—mild and meek as a lamb—if thou'll show me the way."

"Show you the way!"

"Aye, lass, show me the way across the moor to the London road. That, or suffer me to borrow his clothes."

"There is Chagford church town."

"That will do."

"You can't miss it if you go along—"

"I can miss it; I'm certain to do so. Come, it is a bargain. As I said, I will walk off doing no hurt to nobody in the 'ouse, and taking nowt away, if thou'lt just g, with me half an hour so as to direct me right, so as I can't miss by any chance. Get me on to the highway, and I'm off like a greyhound."

It is black night."

"So much the more certainty o' my losin' my way alone."

Faith remained motionless. Her heart beat almost as noisily as the clock. She looked broodingly at the floor, and the convict's dark beady eyes were fixed upon her, boring her as gimlets.

"That," he said, "or grant me the loan o' his togs."

"I'll go with you." She spoke low, and a shiver passed over her frame.

### III.

"Of course not," said the traveller for soap, when he had risen and dressed himself. "No tumbler, no water-bottle. No one washes his teeth in these wilds I suppose—not but what I am without my implements of toilette. Blowed if I'm not hungry for my breakfast! Boots—dirty of course. No Day and Martin on the premises—of course not. Bless my precious soul! These savages are late in rising. I do not hear a sound. None stirring. Well! I will set 'em an example of early rising. Past eight o'clock!"

The young man descended the staircase and entered the kitchen.

"No fire! No one stirring! All in the primitive dirt and disorder. And, by George—what is the meaning of this?—nailheads over the floor. No sweeping done here. Brooms a luxury unknown. Come, now! this looks cheerful. No fire, no coffee, no tea, certainly not hot rolls and a chop."

Then he heard a feeble voice call—"Faith! Faith! Faith!"

"There's the old woman waking the gal," said the man of the Soap business. "Better late than never. Ah! here is my red right."

"Faith! Faith, I say!" again from the inner room.

"Upon my word, the gal is a heavy sleeper," observed the youth. "I'm peckish; I wish she would be quick and give me some breakfast."

Again the old woman was heard calling.

"The gal can't be here," said the young fisherman at last. "All right, old lady—it's I, not she."

As the calls continued, at length the stranger opened the door and partly entered the room of the grandam.

"Faith, is that you?"

"No, my faith, it is not."

"Who be you, then?"

"I'm the stranger who lost his way, and you were good enough to give a shakedown to last night."

"But where is Faith?"

"I have not seen her. I have not heard her stir. I want my breakfast."

"Where can she be? Oh! I reckon gone after the ewes—there be some a-yeaning, I heard tell."

He returned to the kitchen, paced up and down, looked in the cauldron for some potatoes. There were none. Under the heap of cold ashes that covered the inverted pot he did not think of looking, or he might have discovered a newly baked loaf.

He became more and more impatient. He examined his watch—half-past nine.

"This will never do," said he. "If I start at once I can get into Chagford or Moreton, or to some tavern, and procure a decent meal. Here, old woman!" He went back to the bedroom. "Look you; I can't wait for that daughter of yours. What's your bill? State your charge. If reasonable that shall be met."

"Please, sir, we don't ask nothing."

"Oh, yes, I understand; throw it all on my generosity, and expect more than you dare demand. Now, look here, missus. I've had a mouthful of potatoes, good enough as potatoes go. Also a bed, clean and comfortable. Breakfast—nil. Half-a-crown. That I call handsome. And attendance—that gal Faith! only sixpence. Sixpence only. She's worth no more. If she'd stayed and given me my breakfast I'd have stumped up a shilling. But she didn't—went a-yeaning, as you say, and didn't think of me—so only sixpence—sixpence only. Ta-ta, old lady. Tell Faith—sixpence only."

It was a curious coincidence that a week later an escaped convict from Dartmoor was captured, within a day's march of London, dressed in woman's clothes.

He would have escaped detection altogether had not a village policeman, one of that most maligned class of individuals, had his suspicions roused by hearing that a young woman with a cropped head of hair was begging in the place. Meanwhile detectives were peering about Plymouth, Devonport, Portsmouth and Southampton for the runaway.

He was locked up in the police station till the warders of the several convict establishments had been communicated with; and on the arrival of two from Dartmoor he was at once recognised.

Where had he obtained the clothing he wore?

That he would not say. No confession could be wrung from him. Is it possible to connect with this the disappearance of Faith? She was never seen again.

The old grandmother knew nothing of the convict having been concealed in the house. There did arise a suspicion in some minds—but there were no grounds on which to base it. At the convict prison nothing was heard of the disappearance of the girl, and so the clothing was not taken to Assacombe for the old woman to identify.

Some said the wench was weary of the dull life in the cottage and had gone away to find service where it was more lively. But then, from a word dropped by the grandam, it was learned that a young gentleman had been at Assacombe. Oh! that explained everything. And folks laughed and winked when naming Faith. It was easy to conclude what had become of her. Young folks, so said the moralists, had grown of late years so selfish they thought of none but themselves. They were that vicious that to follow their pleasures they cared nothing what became of their old mothers and grannies; they were that bold that the girls would run after any man who held up his little finger to them.

It so happened that some years after the disappearance of the girl I was travelling to town on the South Western. There was a man in the carriage with me, with whom I maintained a desultory conversation.

Presently he said: "I travel for a soap firm. May I hand you our advertisement? It is an admirable, unsurpassed detergent. I myself have a peculiarly sensitive skin, and I can use no other. Once—it is a good many years ago—I, under unpleasant circumstances, used some blue old-fashioned kitchen soap that produced cutaneous irritation that did not subside for three weeks. It was on Dartmoor that this happened."

"Oh, you know Dartmoor?"

With a short laugh, "I have been on it once, I thank you—no more, and never again. I had a bit of holiday and was recommended to fish there. I did. I caught nothing. I lost my way. Was put up in a beastly hole of a hovel not fit for a dog. I was given cabbage, or something nasty, as my supper. I was littered in hay and sent away without my breakfast and charged a crown. Actually a crown. There was a great hulking girl there; she wanted to be paid for attendance. Her name, by the way, was Faith. She had gone for some ewes and forgot me, and I had no breakfast."

"I thought you said she charged for attendance?"

"Oh, ah! yes; her mother did. But, said I, Faith! no. Sixpence only—only sixpence. Not a penny more. Sixpence only; that is as much as was worth what she did for me. Just to think! Forgot my breakfast to go after a parcel of ewes. Sixpence only."

THE END

## Our Portraits

As was anticipated, the Queen has appointed the Duke of Northumberland to be a Knight of the Garter in the room of the late Duke of Beaufort. Since the institution of the Order, the head of the Percy family has almost continuously been a Knight of the Garter. Henry George Percy, seventh Duke of Northumberland, was born in 1846, and was educated at Oxford. As Earl Percy he sat in the House of Commons from 1863 to 1885 as member for the Northern Division of Northumberland, and from February, 1874, to December, 1875, was Treasurer of the Queen's Household, being sworn of the Privy Council on his appointment to that post. In 1887 he was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony of Lovaine, sitting as Earl Percy, by which title he was styled by courtesy as his father's eldest son. The Duke of Northumberland married, in 1868, Edith, eldest daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll. He succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his father last January. His eldest son, Henry Algernon George, the present Earl Percy, was returned to Parliament as Lord Warkworth—the title borne by the eldest son of Earl Percy—for South Kensington in 1895. Thus there were for over three years three generations of the family in Parliament—two in the Lords and one in the Commons.—Our portrait is by R. Faulkner and Co., Baker Street.

Sir William Reynell Anson, who has been returned unopposed as a Liberal Unionist for the University of Oxford, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John Mowbray, is the eldest son of Sir John William Hamilton Anson, the second baronet, whom he

Major Carter's expedition into the Benin hinterland—which had for its object the driving out of the district Ologbosheri, one of the chiefs who was responsible for the massacre of Consul-General Phillips's mission in 1897—has had some fighting near Benin, and one of the British officers, Captain Uniacke, was killed. The Chief Ologbosheri escaped after the fighting. Captain Norman Fyfe Uniacke was born in 1865. He was the son of the late Captain Norman Fitzgerald Uniacke of the 60th Rifles. He served for over six years in the ranks before he obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the 19th Hussars in 1892. He was promoted to be lieutenant in May, 1896, and was appointed a wing officer with the Niger Coast Protectorate Forces last October.—Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Earl of Wharncliffe, who died last Saturday, had been in ill-health for some time, and only about a week ago he was obliged to resign his chairmanship of the Great Central Railway. He was present, it will be remembered, at the opening of the extension to London of the line. Edward Montagu Stuart-Granville Montagu-Stuart-Wortley Mackenzie, first Earl of Wharncliffe, and third Baron Wharncliffe, was born in 1827. He was educated at Eton, and was afterwards gazetted to the Grenadier Guards. In 1855 he succeeded his father in the Barony of Wharncliffe, and in the same year married Lady Susan Charlotte Lascelles, second daughter of the third Earl of Harewood. In 1876 he was advanced to the dignities of Earl of Wharncliffe and Viscount Carlton with special remainder to his brother, the Hon. Francis Dudley Montagu-Stuart-Wortley. Lord Wharncliffe was in his younger days a great traveller and a keen sportsman. He was a Conservative and a Broad Churchman, but took little part in party politics. He was, besides being

The Duke of the Abruzzi, the latest recruit to the band of Arctic explorers, has left Italy on his way to Spitzbergen. The expedition is to start from Franz Josef Land, and an effort will be made to reach the Pole on sledges drawn by dogs. Louis Amédée, Duke of the Abruzzi, is the youngest son of the late Emanuel, Duke of Aosta, who was King of Spain from December 4, 1870, to February 11, 1875. He is the nephew of the King of Italy.

At the meeting of the members of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences on Tuesday, Earl Egerton of Tatton presented to Mr. G. H. F. Nye an illuminated address, signed on behalf of some 500 contributors, headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Marquess of Salisbury, and Mr. Talfour, together with a cheque for 1,000 guineas, for his long services to the cause of Church defence. Mr. Nye has for thirty years been financial secretary of the Council, and organising secretary and special lecturer to the Archbishop's Church Committee for Church Defence and Instruction. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons.

WITH reference to an article which appeared with Mr. Gambart's portrait in our issue of April 29, Mr. Gambart writes: "I was not a peasant boy when I came to London in 1839 or 1840. I went there to sell engravings for a Paris publisher and soon began to sell English publications both in England and abroad. It was not till 1847 that I began to publish for myself, and later on I bought and sold pictures, though this was only a small portion of my business. Of course, I never sold in the streets. In 1870 I left England for Spa and Nice, and gave up Spa in 1888, the climate proving too cold for me, since when I have generally spent



THE LATE CAPTAIN NORMAN UNIACKE  
Killed in action at Benin City



THE LATE GEN. KAWAKAMI SOROKU  
Chief of the Staff of the Japanese Army



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
Created Knight of the Garter



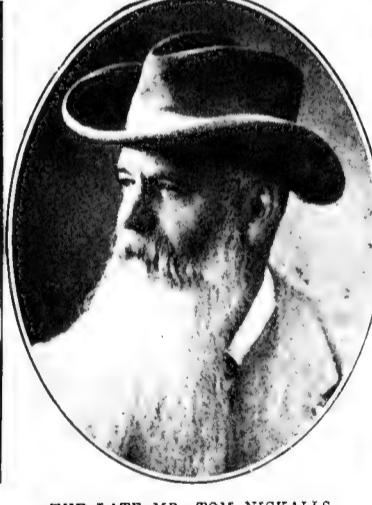
MR. G. H. F. NYE  
A Champion of Church Defence



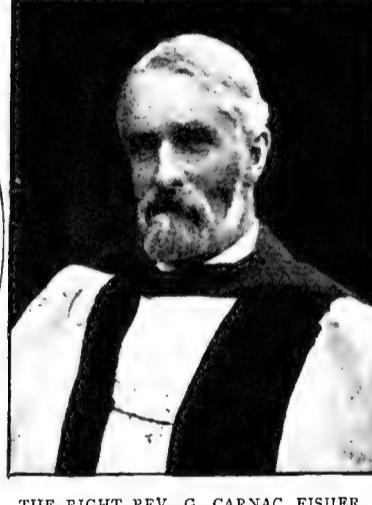
SIR WILLIAM ANSON  
New M.P. for Oxford University



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI  
Who has started on an Arctic Expedition



THE LATE MR. TOM NICKALLS  
Master of the Surrey Staghounds



THE RIGHT REV. G. CARNAC FISHER  
New Bishop Suffragan of Ipswich



THE LATE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE  
Late Chairman of the Great Central Railway

succeeded in 1873. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career, and was elected Fellow of All Souls' in 1867. He was called to the Bar in 1869, and was Vinerian Reader in English Law at Oxford from 1874 to 1881. In the latter year he was elected Warden of All Souls' just after taking the D.C.L. degree. Last year Sir William Anson was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University, but had to resign that post before offering himself for election as member of Parliament. He has not sat in the House of Commons before, though he has stood as a candidate—in 1880 for West Staffordshire. He is author of "Law and Custom of the Constitution" and other well-known legal works. It is interesting to note that the return of the Warden of All Souls' is the first occasion since 1745 when the head of college has represented the University in Parliament.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Tom Nickalls, who died last week, was a popular member of the Stock Exchange, and was a well-known sportsman, but to the general public he was perhaps best known as the father of the famous scullers Mr. Guy and Mr. Vivian Nickalls. Mr. Nickalls, who was born in 1828, had for some twenty years been master of the Surrey Staghounds, and kept a good pack of hounds and a stock of deer in Carshalton Park. As a boy he went to the United States, but returned in 1843, and began business as a stock jobber. Generous and hospitable, with a kind word for all, Mr. Nickalls was a splendid type of the English country gentleman, and the news of his death has been received with widespread regret.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Chairman of the Great Central Railway, interested in mining interests in Yorkshire. He possessed a fine collection of paintings. The successor to the title is the nephew of the late Earl, Commander Francis John Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, R.N., who was born in 1856.

The Right Rev. George Carnac Fisher, D.D., who has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Ipswich, was three years ago consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Southampton. He resigned that post last year. Dr. Carnac Fisher was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1869. After filling curacies at Doncaster and Dartford, he became vicar of Forest Row, Sussex, in 1874. Five years later he was appointed vicar of St. George's, Barrow-in-Furness, and in 1881 vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley. In 1889 he was appointed vicar of Croydon. After serving two years as Bishop Suffragan of Southampton he resigned and became rector of Burgh St. Margaret and Billockby, in Norfolk, which are in his own gift. Dr. Fisher is described a moderate High Churchman. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Lieutenant-General Viscount Kawakami Soroku, whose death was announced on Monday, was Chief of the Staff of the Japanese Army. He was born in 1850, and at an early age joined the Army. He earned his promotion rapidly, and was sent to America and to Europe to study the military systems of the Great Powers. The task of preparing the plans for the campaign in Corea and in the war against China fell to General Kawakami Soroku. He did not, however, take an active part in the war. The General was very popular in Japanese society, and was highly respected.

the summer in Switzerland. It is not for three but for five years that I have had the honour of decorating Her Majesty's apartments at Cimiez, selecting from my collection about fifty pictures each season. I became a British subject in 1844, without ceasing to be a Belgian. In that year it became necessary for me to be naturalised, as I had bought a house in Berners Street, and foreigners could not hold property legally in England. The law by which foreigners could be naturalised without losing their former nationality has since been repealed. I would never have given up my Flemish nationality, of which I am as proud as of being a British subject." Mr. Gambart is an officer of the Legion of Honour, is a member of many Continental Orders, and in 1893 was created a member of the Victorian Order.

A WORD of welcome is due to "Sentimental and Absurd Rhymes" (A. and F. Denny) by H. R. Dickinson. The writer—if we may judge from one of the poems, "The Rime of the Phantom Head"—is more accustomed to the pencil, brush, and graving tool than to the pen, but he has shown that he can take kindly to the pen in his leisure hours, and can use it to some purpose. The little volume, true to its title, is a medley of pathos and humour, and the author in his best efforts manages to touch both strings. Thus "Love in London City" and "Long Ago" have an honest ring of true sentiment and seem to speak of incidents, or rather emotions, in real life. "An Artist Monk" is one of the best things in the book, the last two verses being admirable.



MEMBERS EXCHANGING OPINIONS AFTER A PRIVATE SESSION OF THE THREE CHAMBERS  
THE DREYFUS CASE BEFORE THE COURT OF CASSATION  
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM: DEBUTANTES ON THEIR WAY TO THE THRONE ROOM PASSING THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

## A PLAY OF CALDERON

AMBITIOUS of new conquests, the Elizabethan Stage Society are going next month to put upon the stage Sir William Jones's version of the ancient Indian drama, *Sacontala; or, the Fatal Ring*. Meanwhile, as it were for a preliminary excursion beyond the confines of their original domain, they have given this week at ST. GEORGE'S HALL a sample of the Spanish drama of the seventeenth century in the form of the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's version of *La Vida es Sueño* ("Life is a Dream"), perhaps the best known work of Calderon. In the way of scenery the performance exhibited a strict observance of that vow of poverty which is the Society's most cherished rule; on the other hand, the historical costumes were, after the Society's wont, both rich and rare. Of the play itself, regarded as an acting drama, there is not much to be said, beyond the fact that it is less adapted to the tastes of English playgoers than even Schiller's *Robbers*, or Corneille's *Chid*, or Victor Hugo's *Hernani*. The story is concerned with Basilio, a superstitious King of Poland, who, having learnt by his horoscope that his son, Sigismund, is likely to develop into a violent tyrant, keeps him locked up in a tower till he grows to manhood. Then he is drugged one day by his keeper, and conveyed to Court, where, when he is awakened, he is told the secret of his birth, and that the King, his father, resigns to him the throne—all this, however, being done experimentally in such wise that the Prince may, if it appeared advisable, be re-drugged, taken back to his captivity, and persuaded that, like Christopher Sly, he has enjoyed dignity and splendour only in a dream. The experiment fails, since the young Prince exhibits an untameable violence of temper; he is accordingly plied once more with opiates and conveyed back to the tower, where, when he reawakens, he is, to his astonishment, once more saluted as King, but this time it is by his father's revolted subjects. The play ends with the triumph of the insurgents and the abdication of the superstitious King. Such is the main line of story. There is a complex and tedious under-plot which Mr. Fitzgerald has irreverently cast overboard. The translator, or more properly the adaptor, has also greatly curtailed the loquacity which is characteristic of nearly all the personages, Rosaura, a Muscovite lady, being allowed a single speech of 230 lines, and Basilio another of 250 lines. Nevertheless the dialogue is still tediously redundant, and like the majority of the incidents is decidedly in the "Ercles vein." In justice to the poet some allowance must be made for the shortcomings of the band of amateurs who interpret his work. The young lady to whom, in defiance of Elizabethan custom, the part of Sigismund was assigned, had evidently studied her part intelligently and with care. She played, moreover, with much spirit and force; but in spite of her vivacity and frequent explosions of passion a feminine suggestion remained which was destructive of the illusion. In other instances elocutionary deficiencies deprived important passages of their due effect. This reproach, however, does not apply to the Basilio of Mr. Meade, the Clotaldo of Mr. Broughton, or the Astolfo of Mr. Cathcart, all three of which gentlemen have good voices and manage them well. A word of praise must be reserved for Mr. Leonard Howard, who played the part of the servant Fife—the "gracioso" of the cast—with quiet humour.

*Judy*, a play in three acts, by Mr. Roy Horniman, brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre on Monday afternoon, proved to be a somewhat artificial, but, on the whole, clever little piece, the story of which turns on the self-sacrifice of a young lady, who, having become a cripple, is discarded by an old sweetheart in favour of a flirting rival. When poor Judy discovers that her dream is over, and that her death will secure to this rather callous pair a fortune of which they stand urgently in need, she drowns herself. All this, it must be confessed, savours more of Norwegian stage conventionalities than of life beyond the bounds of stage-land; but the dialogue is brisk, the characters are firmly sketched, and the play being moreover well acted, it afforded genuine pleasure to the audience. The success of *Judy*—which is based on a novel entitled *A Life Awry*, by the lady who calls herself "L'ercival Pickering"—owed not a little to the truth and pathos of Miss Nina Boucicault's impersonation of the crippled heroine.

The news that Sir Henry Irving is suffering from an attack of

influenza, which makes it imperative that he should have a few days' rest, has caused universal regret, but it was not wholly unforeseen. Only last week it was announced that he found it impossible to bear the strain of a peculiarly arduous part twice in a day; and at the recent Lydia Thompson benefit, though he spoke with all his usual vivacity and charm, it was observed that he looked somewhat pale and fatigued. Only actors, perhaps, can appreciate to the full the wear and tear of playing such a part as Robespierre in the afternoon, and then, after a hurried meal, preparing to go through the same task again at night. Even the fatigue of undressing and redressing—and it is no uncommon thing nowadays for an actor to wear three or four costumes in the same play—is considerable. The *Robespierre* matinées, it is true, have been limited to one a week; but this has clearly been more than was prudent, looking to the fact that this distinguished actor had so recently recovered from an illness that extended over some months. Every well-wisher to the drama and the stage is hoping this week to see Sir Henry, after a few days' rest, back again in full possession of his ordinarily splendid physical powers.

The alterations in progress at DRURY LANE, which have necessitated the excavation of vast hollows at the back of the house, will not affect the aspect of the auditorium, but they will constitute,

Wildenbruch. The selection will include lyric, narrative, dramatic and humorous pieces.

The Café Chantant held at the Hotel Cecil on Monday in aid of the Royal British Nurses' Association was in every way a great success. Prince and Princess Christian attended with the Duke of Connaught in the afternoon, and the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Café Chantant in the evening. All the arrangements were carried out under the direction of Mr. George Alexander, and among those who assisted were Mr. H. B. Irving, Sir Squier and Lady Bancroft, Mr. Fred Terry, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Fay Davis, Miss Dorothea Baird, Mr. Fred Kerr, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. A. Bouchier, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Miss Eva Moore, M. Johann Wolf, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Kate Rorke, the Meister Glee Singers, and Miss Lily Hanbury.

## Royal Yachts Past and Present

By H. W. WILSON

THE new Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which may perhaps be regarded as the nation's Jubilee gift to the Queen, will be a vessel in every respect worthy of her work. It was deplorable that the credit of the country that, while foreign Sovereigns went about in new and magnificent yachts, such as the German *Hohenzollern* and the Russian *Stanislav*, Her Majesty should have to make all her voyages in the old *Victoria and Albert*, laid down at Pembroke forty-five years ago, and though reconstructed and brought up to date as far as a ship can possibly be, yet rather interesting as an archaic curiosity than imposing. The new *Victoria and Albert* will be surpassed by only the Russian *Standard* in size, and she should be considerably faster, since, though 950 tons smaller, she has 1,000 more horse-power. She is 400 tons larger than the *Hohenzollern* and much more powerfully engined. Solidity and strength have been especially aimed at in her case; her speed on the measured mile will be only 20 knots, and at sea in calm weather 17. A far higher speed could, of course, have been obtained had the Queen desired it, but only at the sacrifice of space and comfort. As a Royal yacht is not a warship there was no motive for making such a sacrifice.

It may be interesting to compare the three ships which have borne the title of *Victoria and Albert*. The first was laid down in 1843, the second in 1854, and the third in 1897.

*Victoria and Albert*.

	1843	1854	1897
Length ..	200 ft.	302	420
Beam ..	33	40	50
Horse-power	1,550	2,080	11,000
Speed ..	11.7 kts	16.8 kts	20 kts
Propulsion	Paddle	Paddle	Screw
Tonnage	1,040	2,470	4,600

The first *Victoria and Albert* was renamed *Osborne* on the launch of the second, and was finally broken up in 1868. The advance in horse-power and speed—that is to say, the immense progress which modern engineering science has

achieved—is the most striking feature in the comparison. The new ship will have water-tube boilers, two funnels, and three masts. She is expected to be ready for her trials next winter, and to be prepared for service early next year.

When Her Majesty ascended the throne the chief Royal yacht was the old *Royal George*, launched at Deptford in 1817, a small wooden sailing vessel of about 500 tons. She is still in existence as a hulk at Portsmouth. It was in this vessel that George IV. paid his visit to Edinburgh in 1821, and in this vessel that the Queen went first to Scotland in 1842. On the return voyage, however, she chartered the steamer *Trident*, a paddle vessel of about 1,000 tons displacement which had been overhauled and passed her on the way north. To this curious incident was due the construction of the first steam-propelled *Victoria and Albert* in the following year. The wags of the time made great fun of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, who was something of a character in the Navy, and who detested steam and all the new-fangled improvements, representing him as nauseated by the reek of the funnel. Other and smaller Royal yachts of the reign were the *Fairy*, a steamer of about 400 tons, now broken up, in which Her Majesty reviewed the Baltic fleet on the outbreak of the Crimean War, the *Elf*, still in existence, though dating back to 1848, the *Osborne*, used by the Prince of Wales, and the *Liberty*. Thus there is a very respectable squadron of vessels of all displacements at Her Majesty's disposal. The Tsar, with his six Imperial yachts of various sizes, is the only foreign potentate who owns such a flotilla.

WE are sorry to hear that Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., is lying dangerously ill at his residence in Tite Street, Chelsea.



IN AID OF BRITISH NURSES: SKETCHES AT THE CAFE CHANTANT AT THE HOTEL CECIL  
DRAWN BY JOHN DUNCAN

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET  
GREVILLE

THE first May Drawing Room will scarcely be called remarkable. No great novelties called for attention; in fact the Court dress does not lend itself to vagaries. Only, perhaps, the lightness of trains composed of diaphanous tissues deserves comment. Airiness is all the rage just now, and it is quite one of the most expensive fashions possible. Unless what the French call *Frou-Frou* is perfectly fresh and clean, it degenerates into mere tawdry finery. The lace robes, one of the prettiest novelties, though the original price of them may be within the reach of moderate purses, should never be worn save by those who can command an unlimited wardrobe. They should not be trailed on dirty carpets, they must not be donned in the street, they are solely suited for boudoir wear and for the carriage. Their chiffon ruches and trimmings should be worn merely once or twice and immediately renewed. An eminent French duchess of my acquaintance keeps a special maid solely to renovate her dresses, and put in fresh tuckers, ribbons, and ruches. This is the way to be really well dressed. If you cannot afford such expenses do not touch lace and chiffon dresses; confine yourself to foulard, silk, and voile.

The heroines of modern novels have distinctly advanced in years. We have adopted Balzac's view that the really dangerous age for a woman is thirty, then she is dangerous to herself and dangerous to others, and at the apogee of fascination. No more do we care for little romantic schoolgirls, but for passionate, high-strung, self-willed women. At the theatre it is the same. *Ingénue* there must be, but no one takes much heed of them. The real interest of the public is given to the Mrs. Tanquerays, the Miladis, the elder Miss Bessoms, or even to Sophy Fullgarney, the adventuress, who certainly cannot be called an *ingénue*. Of course, the heroes must match them. We have the Ambassador, Lord Quex, Robespierre, and Sydney Carton, all grey-haired men, on the return, as the French say. The fact is, the limits of age are now pushed back. We expect to live to eighty, and even if we don't, we intend to enjoy life long after forty, consequently this adoration of the middle-aged. As youth is an evanescent quality, this new arrangement is especially gratifying to women, and they are determined to be worthy of it. There are no grandmothers nowadays. If there are, they look younger than their daughters. It is a happy dispensation, and productive of true social equality.

I note that there is a demand for women's lodgings of the type of the Rowton Lodging-houses. At present poor, single women (of whom there are such numbers, widows and spinsters) of small means must either go to the lower class of common lodging-house, or pay what they cannot afford. Lord Rowton's scheme exactly supplied a definite want. Will not some other rich philanthropist do the same kindly office for women, who are altogether more to be pitied, and need cleanliness and decent warmth and shelter even more than men? Cat-like, a home appeals more to the feminine than it does to the masculine mind, and there would be less difficulty in keeping order and inspiring respect to rules in their case. Working men appreciate the comfort of a good lodging-house. Women would appreciate it even more.

The ingenuity of burglars seems to increase just as their rough-and-ready brutality decreases. Quite an interesting little adventure happened to a friend of mine recently. The electric light was being installed in her house, and workmen duly tramped up and down the stairs with the heavy tread peculiar to them. When the work was apparently completed, a plausible gentleman appeared with his ladder and noted one or two necessary alterations. The lady wished for an extra light; the bedroom lamps were not quite satisfactory. He discoursed in the most polite way with the mistress of the house, who was perfectly charmed with his manners and intelligence. The servants were at their dinner when he descended from the bedroom; he bid them "Good morning" affably, picked up his bag of tools and departed. Ten minutes afterwards the unfortunate lady discovered that her jewel case had been broken open and all the contents rifled. It seems that the man is a well-known character, who has played the trick successfully already many times, and is wanted by the police, who have offered a reward of 200/- for his capture. Householders, beware!

Whitsuntide will soon be here, and the country lanes, the fields, the woods look their best with cool, green verdure, and the wealth of blossom and flower. Alas! all the grace and beauty must be spoiled as the craze for auto-cars increases. Roads are churned up, dust flies in clouds, the air is filled with hideous sounds and odious smells as these terrible inventions fly along, scattering foot-passengers and carriages and destroying all the sweet solitude of the country. Last Sunday three auto-cars abreast might be seen rushing at twenty-five miles an hour along the Guildford Road and raising terror and abhorrence in the minds of all who beheld them. Where every country road becomes a mere railway track rural haunts will have for ever lost their charm.



THE HON. BARTLETT TRIPP  
United States  
MR. C. N. E. ELIOT, C.B.  
Great Britain  
COUNT SPECK VON STERNBERG  
Germany  
THE JOINT COMMISSION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SAMOAN TROUBLE

## Archaeological Discoveries in Tunis

A FEW weeks ago M. Gauckler, who directs the Ministry of Fine Arts in the Regency of Tunis, was making excavations not far from the site of Carthage. He was attempting to uncover and remove a most interesting mosaic. By some accident a portion of the mosaic

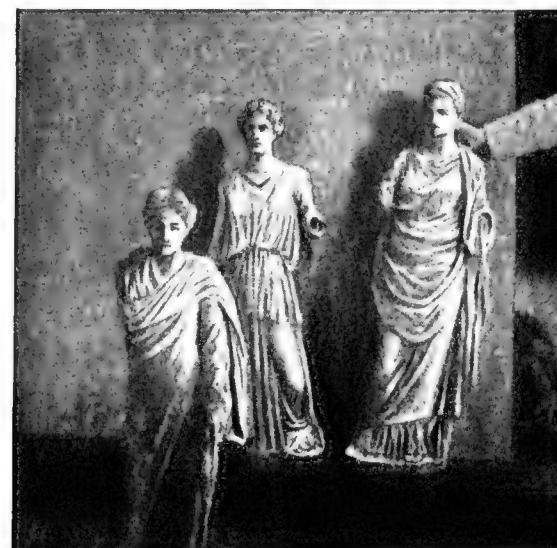
rule, when war was declared against all images. They have now been carefully removed to the Bardo Museum, which is situated in the old Beylical Palace of the Bardo, five miles from Tunis. Our Consul-General in Tunis, Sir Harry Johnston, was permitted to photograph these statues the other day, and sends us the accompanying illustration.

Simultaneously with this interesting discovery, another piece of good fortune fell to the director of these archaeological researches in Tunis. A widow of a former Bey recently died in the Bardo Palace, and her death may be said to have revealed her existence, which had been forgotten by everybody. She lived in an exquisite little house, a gem of Moorish decoration, which had been lost to sight amidst the inextricable mazes of the large and rambling pile known as the Bardo Palace. Curiously enough, her abode was only

separated by a wall from the Bardo Museum. This being so, the Bey of Tunis has allowed this dwelling to be added to the Bardo Museum, the authorities of which will preserve it intact as a beautiful specimen of domestic Moorish art and architecture. Sir Harry Johnston sends us a photograph of one of the patios in this house of the Bey's widow, who had outlived her husband some forty years.

## The Samoan Commission

THE Special High Commission appointed at the suggestion of Germany to deal with Samoan questions consists of a representative of the three countries interested—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany. The British Commissioner is Mr. Charles Nothon Edgcumbe Eliot, Senior Second Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington. Mr. Eliot was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship in 1879. After being elected a Fellow of Trinity in 1884, he entered the Diplomatic Service, and was nominated Attaché in 1886, and in the following year was appointed to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, being promoted to be Third Secretary in 1888. In 1892 he was transferred to Tangier. From there he went to Constantinople as Second Secretary. Mr. Eliot's knowledge of languages stood him in good stead in these appointments, and he received special allowances while holding them for his knowledge of Russian, Arabic, and Turkish. From Constantinople he went to Sofia, and thence to Belgrade, and last year was made Senior Second Secretary at Washington. The American Commissioner, the Hon. Bartlett Tripp, is a lawyer by profession. He was Minister at Vienna under President Cleveland's Administration, and his abilities are highly spoken of. Baron Herman Speck von Sternburg, the German Commissioner, is forty-seven years of age. He has served in the Saxon Army, in which he reached the rank of major. Devoting himself to diplomacy, he is now a Councillor of Legation, and holds the position of First Secretary in the German Embassy at Washington.



THREE STATUES DISCOVERED NEAR THE SITE OF CARTHAGE

was broken through, and one of the workmen fell into an underground chamber, the roof of which was covered with this mosaic. Here were found hidden away three charming statues. The head of one was snapped off at the neck by the workman's stumble, but the fracture being a clean one, a little cement will soon set it right. It is supposed that these statues were hidden away deliberately, either during some time of trouble, or because they may have incurred danger during one of the later phases of Roman Christian

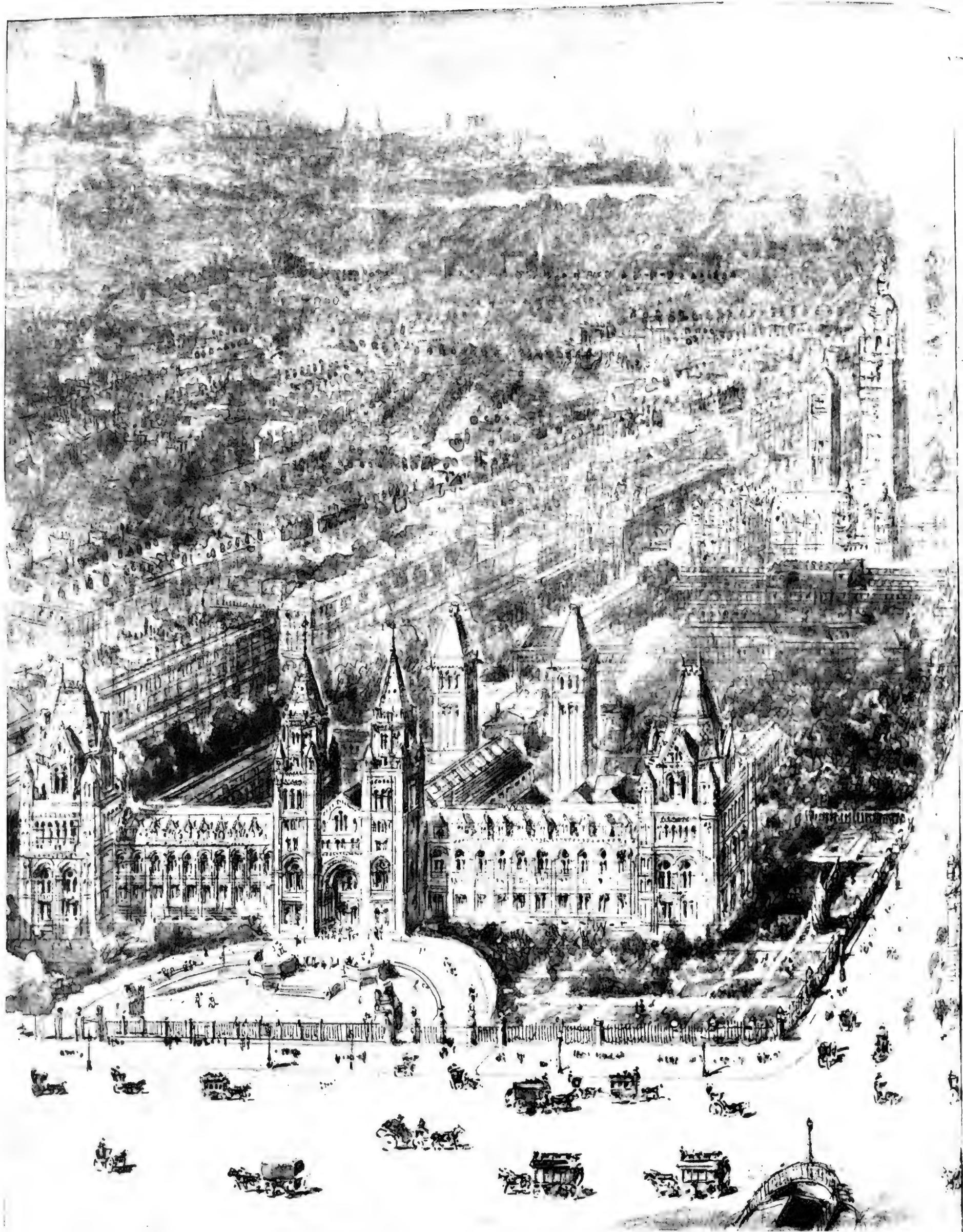


THE INNER COURT OF AN ANCIENT MOORISH HOUSE

If you would be up-to-date and well-informed in the art movement of the day you must seek your information not at Burlington House but in the rooms of the Prince's Skating Club. Here the society, of which Mr. Whistler is the head, sets before you some of the best that is being done by the younger schools and the "advance guard" of art, their qualification as exhibitors being in many cases the polar contrary to that which obtains recognition in Piccadilly. This society claims our gratitude, therefore, and although it affords ample proof that the grossest faults are sometimes condoned for the sake of some special attractiveness, we may candidly say that it renders a service which must be repaid with a bow and, sometimes it must be owned, a smile.

It is to be observed that the Munich school, and certain other foreign centres, are hardly represented at all this year, and that the triumph of the exhibition lies chiefly with the Scottish school. Indeed, but for the brilliant series of portraits by Mr. Lavery, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Guthrie, and Mr. Robert Brough, the exhibition would not reach nearly so high a level of excellence and interest; yet it is to be observed that the two last-named are followers of Mr. Sargent, unfortunately much too close to be considered original. It is a curious comment upon the claim to *actualité* of this exhibition that the four most delightful pictures in it are all old: the "Trouville" of Mr. Whistler—exquisite in drawing and colour of waves and light and atmosphere; Mr. Tom Graham's "Italian Girl"—half John Phillip, half Millais, yet wholly Graham; M. Renoir's ugly but charmingly painted lady in brown, in the most hideous fashion of the century; and M. Alfred Stevens's "Memorial"—a large miniature of a lady in black decorating a portrait on the wall.

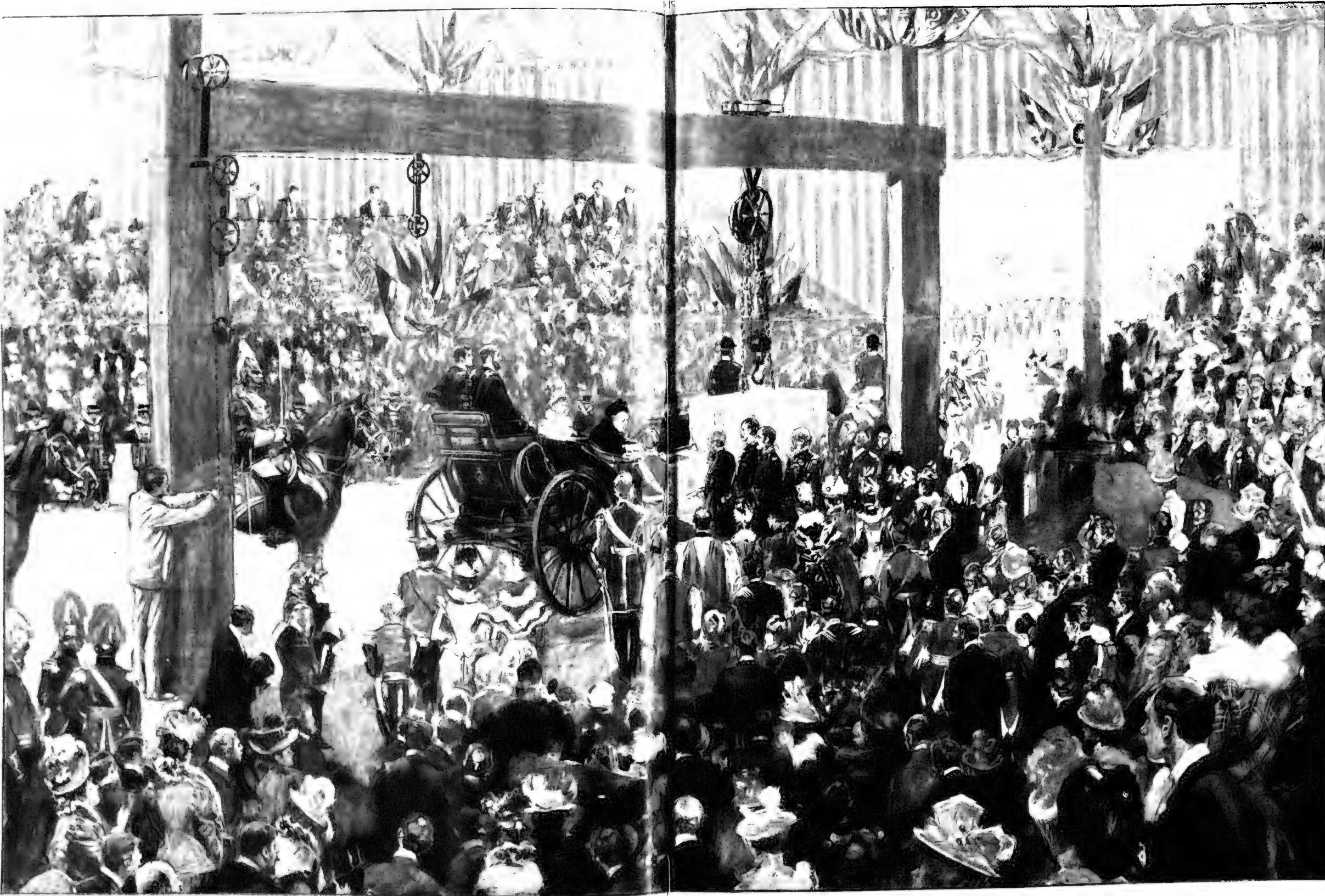
Mr. Whistler shows other pictures, poor enough for him, of which "La Cigale"—a female nude with a very dirty body which shows darks where high-lights ought to fall. Monsieur Jacques Blanche's "Mrs. Martineau" is full of life and vigour; Mr. Greiffenhagen never did so well as in his portrait of Miss Sibyl Waller, and M. de la Gandara often as badly as in his mud-coloured and not well-drawn full-length of Mrs. Burke Roche.



NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

THE PROPOSED ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE

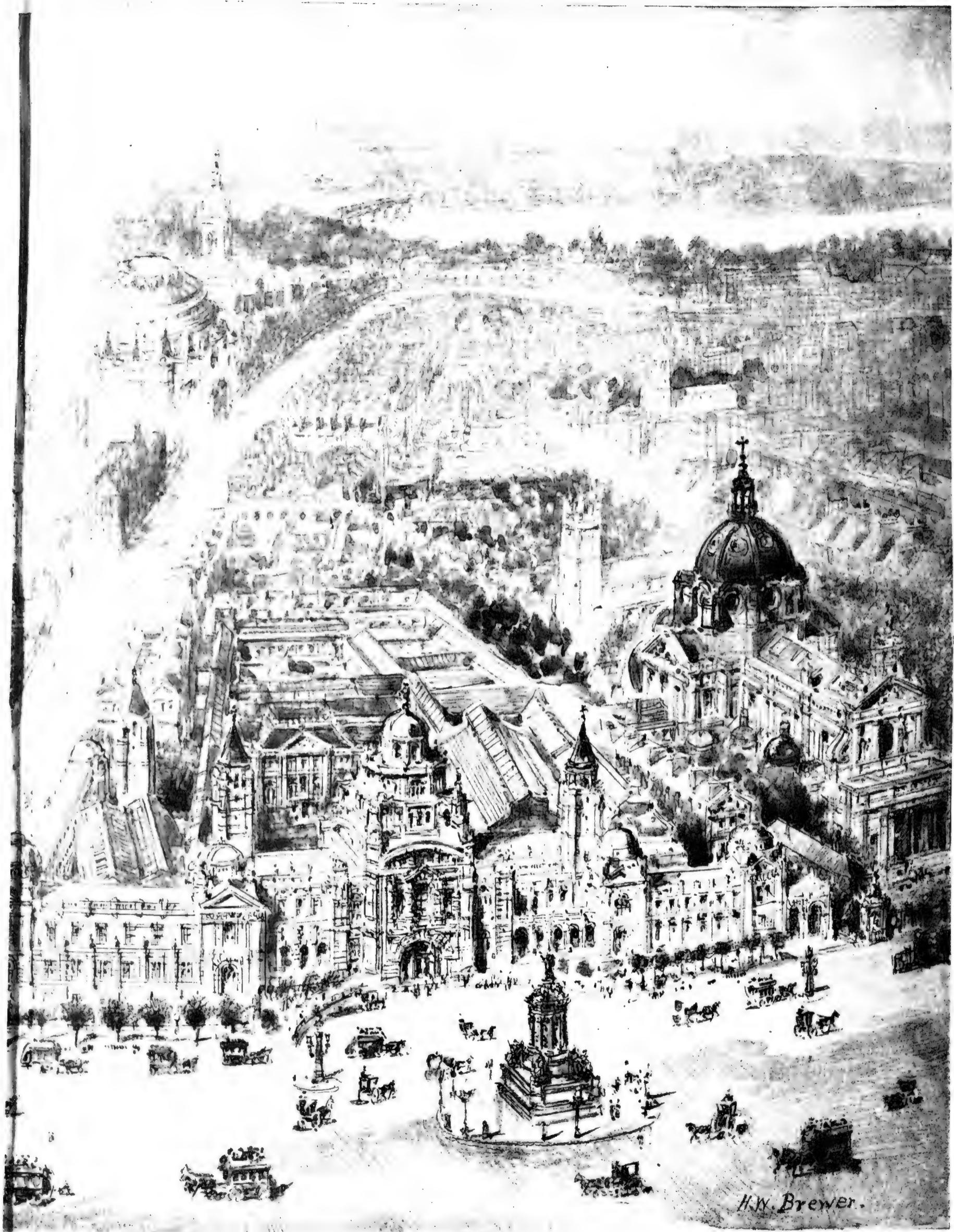
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOUTH KENSINGTON SHOWING THE NEW MUSEUM



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SOUTH KENSINGTON: HER MAJESTY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.A., FRA.S., CONG. W. T. MAUD, AND F. C. DICKINSON

THE ALBERT HALL THE ALBERT MEMORIAL



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

THE ORATORY

ILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

## Life in the Arctic\*

BOOKS of travel still maintain an extraordinary bulk, and Arctic explorers, in spite of the comparative monotony of their work, are in no degree behind those who, like Sven Hedin, traverse many countries of very various nature. Nansen's book, for example, contained close upon twelve hundred pages; Peary followed him with eleven hundred odd; and now here is Jackson, with his long-delayed book, consuming nearly 1,150 pages. Surely this is indigestible—at least for the majority of the reading public? We much want—and the reading public would, we think, devour—some reasonably sized volume in which the life and actualities of Arctic exploration are brought vividly before the reader, with all the conviction of personal detail, but also with all the force and focus of judicious perspective and summary.

In this, the latest of Arctic books, Mr. Jackson tells with abundant minutiæ the story of the work accomplished by the exploring party which Mr. Harmsworth despatched to the little-known archipelago of Franz Josef Land, in 1894. This land was then, and, in spite of the Harmsworth Expedition's long stay and Dr. Nansen's brief visit, still remains the most northerly known land in the Old World. As such, of course, it possesses an intrinsic interest for science; but, added to this, it had been generally supposed by geographical experts (misled somewhat by the reports of Payer, its discoverer) to extend for a considerable distance to the northward, perhaps even to the Pole itself. It was, at any rate, considered to be the best avenue—a land avenue—to a very high latitude indeed, and, as such, could not fail to produce a very rich harvest for science. But it became the chief work of the Harmsworth Expedition to disprove all the geographical theories, and to discount the greater part of Payer's report. For Franz Josef Land, when actually tramped over and sledged round, turned out to be a comparatively small archipelago, composed of numerous islands and

place either walrus or bear cooked à l'Arctic before the average London club man, and watch the expression on his countenance and listen to his remarks on the subject.

Perhaps the greatest distinction enjoyed by the expedition was its practical rescue of Nansen and his gallant companion Johansen. Although this was much debated at the time (and before Nansen's book was marketed!), there can be little doubt that, with their small, frail and rapidly deteriorating canoes, these intrepid Norwegians could not have reached the northern coasts of Europe. It is only just possible that they might have gained Spitzbergen, but even then they would have had to spend a year there before any rescuer arrived. Moreover, Nansen's condition would seem to have been bad, and it is doubtful that he could have stood another winter. In any case, seeing that they did not know where they were, and that their stock of food was practically exhausted, we can only consider the relief of Nansen by the Harmsworth Expedition as a most happy event. Mr. Jackson thus describes Nansen's state and position on that occasion:—

"Nansen appears to be very anaemic and out of condition. Three years in the Arctic has evidently taken the vigour out of him for the time. Climbing the talus pumps him very much, and he doesn't like it a bit." Again he says that Nansen "was going gamely, but looks pale and anaemic and is very fat." And again: "Providence alone brought him to such a spot, failing which the end of his expedition, so far as he and Johansen were concerned, would have been very different. Had he missed meeting with us—and what a marvellous meeting that was!—he could not have left Franz Josef Land."

We all have a very fair idea of the Arctic climate, and consider it is about the last thing in climates generally. To this there are some exceptions, of course; for example, apart from the anaemia which the darkness and perhaps the cold create, there are very few, if any, diseases which belong as it were to the Arctic regions. Scurvy, be it noted, is a form of acute anaemia. But there is also another feature of the climate in some parts of the Arctic regions, and this is the exhilarating dryness and comparative stillness of the atmosphere. With this condition exploration becomes more pleasant as well as more possible. In Franz Josef Land, however, we do not get this

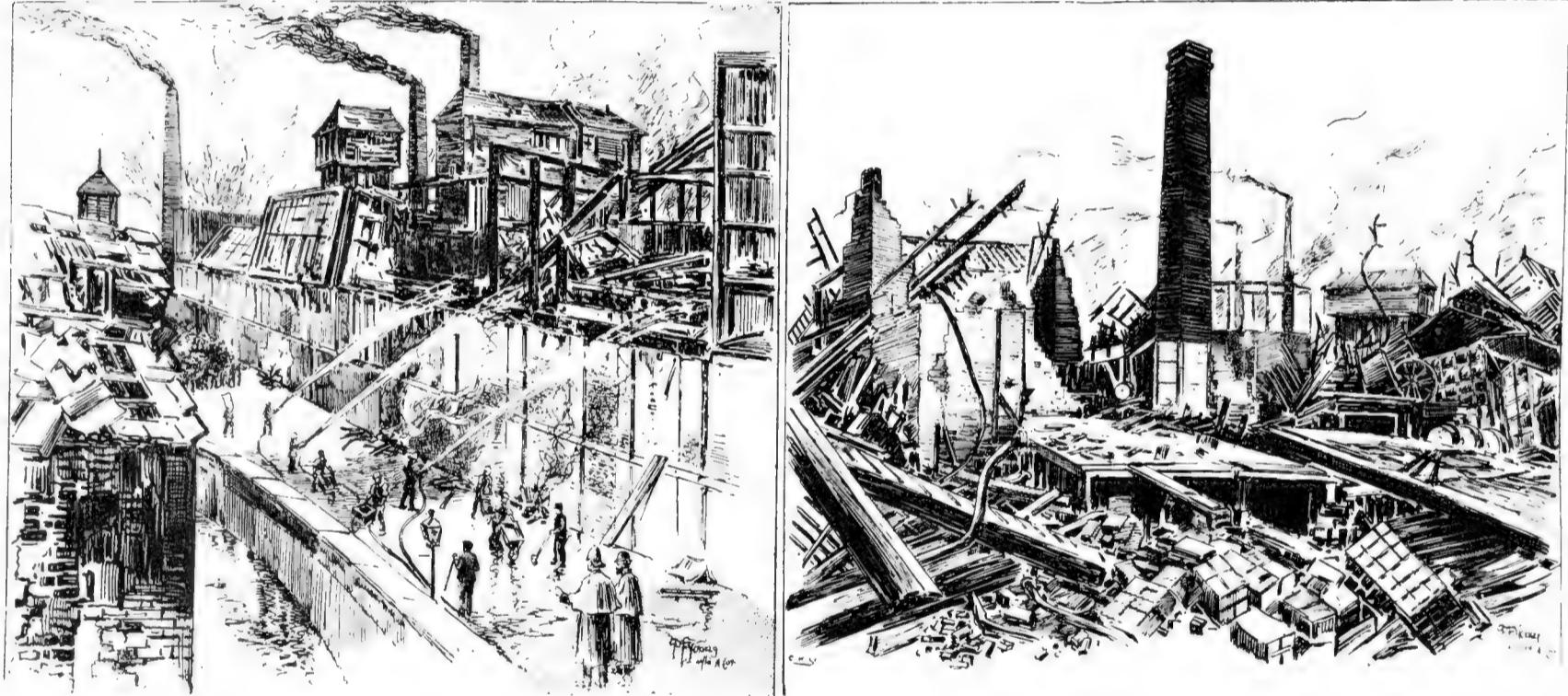
the most lavish equipment went to make up a perfect instrument for adding to our knowledge, and it is only when the reports of the scientific staff are added to this record of life and sport that we shall fully realize how much English science is indebted to the Harmsworth Expedition.

## "The Naval Annual"\*

IN the 1899 issue of "The Naval Annual," the great reputation of this invaluable work is fully maintained. As might be expected, very considerable space is devoted to the American Navy and the American-Spanish War. Sir George Clarke treats the latter in an article of fifty pages, which is a model of careful and judicious condensation. In the tables showing the rounds fired by the various ships at Santiago there is, however, a curious slip, the *Brooklyn* in two places being credited with six-inch instead of eight inch guns. In consequence, the percentages of hits for both the eight-inch and six-inch weapons are incorrect. Nor does Sir G. Clarke make any allowance for American hits on the two destroyers, though the *Iowa* and *Indiana* fired many rounds at them, and the *Gloucester* devoted her entire fire to them. He notes, a fact which is of great importance to the Navy, that with specially designed colliers, a fleet in command of the sea can coal at sea, and dispense with coaling stations. When are such special colliers going to be added to the British Navy?

The valuable series of tables, showing the comparative strength of the various fleets, has been revised by the editor, Mr. T. A. Brassey. Including projected vessels, the strength of England, France and Russia in battleships is given as follows:—

	England.	France.	Russia
1st class	...	36	11
2nd ,	...	11	10
3rd ,	...	12	15



HARDSHAW BROOK CHEMICAL WORKS

RUINS OF THE CHLORATE WORKS

A disastrous explosion occurred last week at Kurtz's Chemical Works, St. Helens. It occurred in the chlorate house in the works. The whole building blew up, scattering ruin for hundreds of yards round. At the adjoining buildings, the Hardshaw Brook Chemical Works, all the vitriol chambers were levelled with the

ground. A large gasometer at the Corporation Gas-works was broken, and a quarter of a million feet of gas escaped. Five people were killed and some twenty were injured.

## THE EXPLOSION AT ST. HELENS

as numerous straits and channels. Moreover, the exceedingly moist climate and the powerful currents added a peculiar difficulty to exploration which perhaps no other part of the Arctic presents in the same intensity. If, therefore, the work of the expedition produced no geographical "sensation," it, at least, revolutionised the prevailing ideas of the geography of this part of the world. It has given us a detailed map, reasonably correct and full; and it has brought back a large collection of natural objects and a series of observations which proceeded consecutively for a period of three years—the importance of which, when finally worked out, will be very considerable. And lastly, the young Englishman whom Mr. Harmsworth was advised to place in charge of the party—Frederick G. Jackson—has given us, in these volumes, his record of the life and work which occupied the expedition during this period of three years.

One of the most interesting of the studies pursued by the expedition was that which dealt with scurvy. Convinced by the experience of other explorers, and by the habits of the Arctic races, it was from the first intended to try to avoid this Arctic scourge by eating fresh meat. Tainted meat—only too common when pressed for any length of time—was considered to be the true source of scurvy, and we agree with this. Consequently it became necessary to eat the meat of the country, and Mr. Jackson tells us about a dinner of walrus and bear:—

None of us (he says) are at all in love with walrus meat. It is very tough, coarse, and dark in colour, and has a distinct flavour of iodine. Bear is decidedly better, but, although we considered it very good meat in the Arctic, yet in England it would hardly be viewed as a delicacy. It is tough, flavourless and coarse, and somewhat resembles beef in appearance; great care must be exercised to avoid cooking any fat with the meat, all must be carefully excluded, otherwise it imparts an extremely unpleasant flavour. I should much like to

amelioration. As Mr. Jackson tells us—not once, but a hundred times—the climate is execrable. Fluctuations in temperature, high winds, excessive precipitation, and moisture combine to make this necessarily cold climate one of the most uncomfortable and uninviting in the world. Yet there are moments when even these warring elements are comparatively quiescent, and thus does Mr. Jackson describe an Arctic summer:—

It is summer, but the weather is hardly what in more favoured climes would be considered summer-like. The thermometer hitherto since we arrived in Franz Josef Land has not risen higher than 8 deg. above freezing point, and only has attained that degree of warmth on two or three occasions at long intervals. It is misty and raw, and the atmosphere fully charged with moisture. At intervals a drizzling rain has fallen, changing to snow, and towards noon the easterly wind increases in force to a gale with heavy snow. The country is white and everything looks winterly. This is too frequently the character of "summer" days here. At long intervals the aspect changes. The sun comes out, the sky clears, and the mist rolls away for a time. The "cawing" of the loons recalls green meadows and tall elm trees, and we sit in the sun like crickets upon a wall, and declare that "it is quite hot to-day," having quite forgotten what a warm day really is like.

Finally, we may note that the book is sumptuously produced with an abundance of illustrations and maps and some very valuable appendices, which give us an idea of the excellent work done by the scientific members of the expedition—notably Lieutenant Armitage, Dr. Koettlitz, and Mr. Fisher. Throughout the book we notice a number of inaccuracies—chiefly in the spelling of scientific names—which should be corrected in future editions. Names, too, are differently spelt, even when they occur on the same page, and the name of at least one distinguished man of science is persistently misspelt. The name of a famous Arctic ship—the *Jeannette*—is variously spelt, and so on. But, take it all in all, Mr. Jackson has produced a very complete record of one of the most completely equipped expeditions of modern times—an expedition on which neither money nor toil nor intelligence nor public sympathy was spared. A fully scientific staff, and

England has no numerical advantage, but, in Mr. Brassey's opinion, is actually equal in strength to the combined navies of France and Russia, owing to her large number of first-class ships. The classification has been remodelled, and is now excellent. Our old ships have for the most part been removed to the category of "coastguard and harbour defence" where their inefficiency will deceive no one. The *Inflexible*, *Alexandra*, *Hercules*, *Monarch*, *Superb*, *Sultân* and *Temeraire* are still, however, placed above such French ships as the *Jemmapes* and *Valmy*, and such Russian ships as the *Oushakov* and *Butakov*, which is, perhaps, unfair to the latter, but we are promised even more drastic changes next year.

In a chapter on "Recent Warship Construction," attention is called to the extent to which British battleship designs are being copied abroad. Two curious mistakes, however, are made. The *Iowa*—of which ship an incorrect plan appears in the plates—is stated not to be protected by armour up to her main deck. A reference to Constructor Hichborn's description of her in the proceedings of the American Institute of Naval Architects, will show that this statement—which has been made in previous "Naval Annals"—is wrong. Secondly the new *Drake* class of cruisers is credited only with twelve, instead of sixteen, six-inch quick-firers. The writers call for cruisers of the *Cristobal Colón* type, the value of which has been amply demonstrated in the late war. Other capital articles are those on coast fortifications, and the extent to which we need them, the flotilla on the Nile in the Omdurman campaign, foreign naval manoeuvres—why had we none?—and marine engineering. It illustrates the tension still existing between England and France to see that M. Weyl, the well-known French critic, refuses to contribute this year for political reasons.

\* "The Naval Annual," 1899. Edited by T. A. Brassey. (Portsmouth: J. Griffin.)

# The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STEERRY

If something is not done, and if that something is not done quickly, to check the building of absurdly tall houses, the appearance of London will be greatly injured, and the health of its inhabitants will suffer. In all directions do you find the symmetry of our streets spoiled and the sky obscured by the erection of some gigantic rabbit warren. It is said the craze for living in rabbit warrens and enduring the inconvenience of expensive flats is somewhat abating. If so, it is good news, for then one reason for the erection of prodigious buildings will be removed. John Nash, the architect, has been considerably reviled of late years, but he thoroughly understood one thing, that was the height houses should be in proportion to the street—an important consideration absolutely ignored of recent years. A fine example of this may be seen in Regent Street. It is sad to say the fine proportions of this pleasant thoroughfare are being interfered with by the enormous erection on the site of Hanover Chapel, and other houses that have been rebuilt and altered from time to time. In the Quadrant, it would appear, there must be stricter regulation with regard to interference with the original character of the facade, for I note some houses being rebuilt there of which, though the interior has been demolished, the entire original front is left standing. The brothers Adams thoroughly understood the relative proportion of houses to width of streets. We have a fine example of this in Portland Place, one of the noblest and least spoiled of our London thoroughfares.

The excellent Miss Una, of the *Gentlewoman*, I am sorry to say, does not altogether agree with my views with regard to knickerbockers. She says:—"Unfortunately, at present, our English women, daring much, have not dared enough. Knickerbockers can be made becoming, as one must concede, who has seen them worn upon the stage by chorus ladies, whose mission in life is to look well. But most of the rationals one sees upon the road bear an unmistakable air of being home-made, and badly made at that. Is it reasonable to expect even an approach to elegance under the circumstances?" Doubtless there is a great deal in this, but even if we take the example of the stage, which Miss Una cites, I should say a large majority would be in favour of petticoats. If we contrast the page's or boy's costume, with the graceful and feminine dress as worn by Miss Kate Vaughan—if we see the two together on the same stage—I rather fancy we shall consider the first somewhat tomboyish and comic, but the second elegant and lady-like. I am inclined to think that my kindly commentator, in her heart of hearts, will be even disposed to admit as much as this.

Hitherto the weather has been so detestably inclement and treacherous that few people have begun to think about the Thames. However, recently the Clerk of the Weather has shown some inclination towards geniality, and doubtless the favourite river retreats will shortly become as popular as heretofore. In connection with this matter it may be mentioned that last Monday the steamers of Messrs. Salter Brothers began their trips between Oxford and Kingston, which will be continued till September 30. Formerly few people knew their Thames well. I can remember years ago I was accounted somewhat of a marvel by men who had travelled all over the world because I knew the river intimately from its source in Trewsbury Mead to the Nore Lightship, but now most people are well acquainted with it, at any rate between Kingston and Oxford. By a judicious combination of the steamers and the railways, you may either enjoy the whole trip by spending a night at Henley on the road, or you may take small excursions on any part of the stream you fancy, returning to town the same evening.

There are undoubtedly two sides to every question. I was more than ever convinced of this by hearing of the correspondence of an old friend of mine and his banker. My friend received from his banker one of those little reminders—which most of us are subject to at various periods—which run "Doubtless you are unaware that your account is overdrawn 276L 18s. 9d. May we be allowed to draw your attention to the fact, &c., &c." My friend, who has an original way of looking at things, replied that he was fully aware of the facts detailed in the letter of his correspondents, and that they were perfectly accurate in their statement down to a penny; so he thought it somewhat a work of supererogation for them to trouble themselves to write to him on the matter, for, he went on to remark, that on the occasions when he frequently left large balances with them for considerable periods, he never dreamed of sending them a letter to inform them of the fact. The communication, I am told, somewhat astonished the bankers, though they were unable to deny the shrewd common sense of the argument. It would be an interesting thing to know, if it could be calculated, how much is made per annum by bankers on deposit accounts on which no interest is paid.

At the Auctioneers' Dinner the other day Mr. Flower, M.P., in proposing the "Institute," said he often thought, judging by catalogues, that auctioneers were poets. Well, I should be hardly prepared to go quite as far as this, but, looking at some of the prospectuses of Mr. George Robins that are now becoming somewhat rare works, I fancy he would have occupied a distinguished position among the over-boomed romantics of the day. Who was it proposed a long while ago that it would add to the attraction of an auction if music were to be introduced, and the clerk should add to his countless duties by playing an accompaniment on the piano to his principal's oration? I am inclined to think it was Mr. Edward Draper who proposed that the following lines should be sung to the air of "Guy Fawkes":—

Now gents and ladies all the sales conditions pray consider,  
There simply that the purchaser shall be the highest bidder.  
If any bidding be disputed, then my course is plain, sirs,  
Tis that each lot shall be put up and bidden for again, sirs.

Chorus of Bidders, Fol, lol, lol, &c

The auction room is every day becoming more and more of a fashionable lounge, and with the addition of music it will possess an even greater attraction. The chorus could be well supported by encyclopedic brokers and opulent patrons.

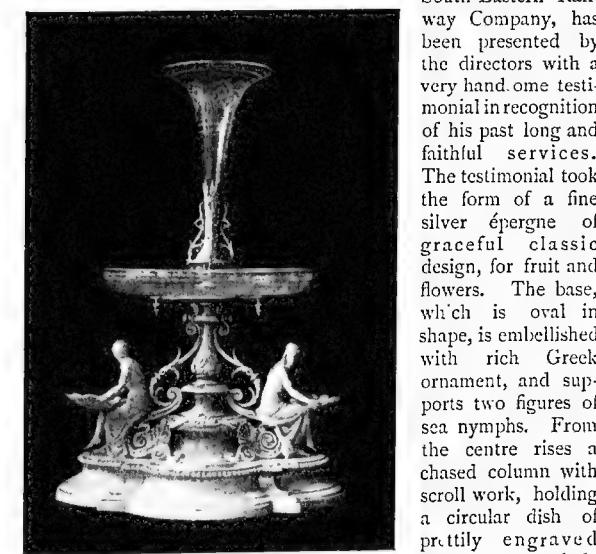
## Lord Charles Beresford on China\*

At the invitation of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, Lord Charles Beresford proceeded to China last autumn to inquire into the conditions and prospects of trade with that country, and on his return to England he hit upon the happy idea of publishing in book form his report containing the results of his investigations. In substance and arrangement "The Break-up of China" remains a report, and as such will not appeal to the general reader, but to the politician, the trader, and the student of the Far Eastern Question, it will prove invaluable, for no other work on China contains so much actual information concerning its trade and foreign relations generally, or throws so much light on the problems now in course of solution there. Lord Charles was welcomed everywhere by English and Chinese alike, and if he was afforded facilities for acquainting himself with affairs in China, such as no Englishman before him ever enjoyed, his book is convincing proof that he made the most of such opportunities, and that the Chambers of Commerce were well advised in asking the distinguished sailor to play the part of a commercial traveller. Lord Charles's energy and capacity for hard work are truly amazing. In the space of three months he visited nearly all the treaty ports, ascended the Yangtze 700 miles, inspected the military force of China, visited every fort and arsenal save one, and the ships of the two Chinese fleets, was received by the Tsung-li Yamen, Prince Ching, Li Hung Chang, and six of the eight provincial viceroys, had numerous conversations with Chinese officials on questions affecting British trade, and the day before he left China was entertained by the foreign communities of Shanghai. During all this time he was interviewing an endless succession of consuls, merchants, and engineers of English, American, German and other nationalities, and assiduously getting together the material for his report; finding time, too, to make a collection of the coins in use in various parts of China to illustrate the manner in which their diversity hampers trade.

In all that has been written on the Chinese problem of recent years the British residents in China have had little say, and it is the supreme merit of Lord Charles's report that they have at last found a hearing. At every treaty port on the coast and the Lower Yangtze he collected the views of the British communities and has set them down verbatim in his report, so that we have here the opinions of the men most competent to contribute towards the elucidation of the problems which beset us in the Far East. These views, it is true, are not optimistic. Everywhere Lord Charles heard the same complaints of the absence of security for investments and the lack of support from the Home Government. Everywhere, too, it is interesting to note, he found the British trader strongly opposed to Spheres of Influence, and unanimously in favour of the policy of the Open Door, or equal opportunity for the trade of all nations. Again, it is melancholy to read that the impression is fast gaining ground amongst the Chinese that England is afraid of Russia. On this subject Lord Charles is frank to bluntness. "British prestige," he says, "was at a low ebb all through China at the places I visited; not one, but every Chinese official I spoke to referred to the fear with which Britain regarded Russia." In the opinion of Lord Charles Beresford, we must at all costs preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire and bring about the necessary security to trade by a thorough reorganisation of the Chinese army under British and foreign officers. Towards this end he suggests a commercial alliance with the United States, Germany and Japan—all countries interested in the preservation of the Open Door. The policy of Spheres of Influence, he declares, means certain war sooner or later with some European Power, and "the maintenance of the Chinese Empire is essential to the honour as well as to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race." As he characteristically remarks, "I hold that to break up a dismantled craft, the timbers of which are stout and strong, is the policy of the wrecker for his own gain. The real seaman tows her into dock and refits her for another cruise." On his homeward journey Lord Charles visited Japan and America, and found both countries favourably disposed towards his suggestions, although America is evidently of opinion that Britain, with sixty-four per cent. of the foreign trade of China, should lead the way in the path of reform.

## Presentation by the S.E.B.

MR. HENRY STANLEY, for many years veterinary surgeon to the



South-Eastern Railway Company, has been presented by the directors with a very handsome testimonial in recognition of his past long and faithful services. The testimonial took the form of a fine silver épergne of graceful classic design, for fruit and flowers. The base, which is oval in shape, is embellished with rich Greek ornament, and supports two figures of sea nymphs. From the centre rises a chased column with scroll work, holding a circular dish of prettily engraved glass, the whole

being surmounted by a trumpet-shaped glass vase, ornamented and engraved in character with the rest. This piece of plate, upon which was engraved a suitable inscription, was supplied by Hunt and Roskell, Limited, New Bond Street.

\* "The Break-up of China." By Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper and Brothers.)

## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE annual show of the Home Arts and Industries Association has been held with great *éclat* in the gallery of the Albert Hall. As usual, the Keswick exhibit was probably the most remarkable among the peasant productions, though there were many admirable examples of carving, embroidery, leather-work, and so forth. The terra-cotta altar-piece designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts, enshrining the "Recording Angel" by her distinguished husband, properly attracted most attention of all. I regret to find in the success of the Association what threatens to be the germ of its ruin: commercialism is spreading its taint over the movement, and exhibitors are apparently working to sell, and not for the delight of producing art work in their leisure hour. If this corruption once take firm grip the Association will stultify its existence and lose the sympathy of the public. It is to be hoped that it will be warned in time.

The exhibition of water-colours by Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, shows not only what this skilful painter can do in the way of recording artistically natural phenomena and "effects" of light and cloud, of sun and atmosphere, but also the rendering of landscape and town and water, now under the influence of Professor Ruskin, and now with complete originality. Mr. Severn seems equally at home when showing the greyness of "Ice on the Thames," the charm of "Eze, on the Riviera," a storm cloud passing over the Channel, the grandeur of the Tower Bridge, the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or a sunset over Coniston "Old Man." Mr. Severn has many admirers; this exhibition will doubtless increase the number.

The series of small oil pictures by Mr. Byam Shaw, illustrative of his "Thoughts suggested by some Passages from British Poets," now on view at the Dowdeswell Gallery, comprise several of very high merit, whether of fancy or execution. They are essentially quaint, of course, so that the medieval and romantic subjects are more felicitous than those dealing with modern conceptions: Christina Rossetti inspiring him to his best work, and that intensely modern person, Clough, leaving him, and us, unsatisfied. Mr. Shaw shows his advance more emphatically here than in the Royal Academy, for not a few of these small things are more complete than the great picture in Burlington House.

An artist of very high calibre and fine fibre is Mr. D. Y. Cameron, of Glasgow, whose exhibition at Colnaghi's Gallery is now open. His portraits are admirable as studies of individual character, as harmonies of refined, subdued and subtle colour, and not less excellent in respect of technique. Perhaps they are based upon Velasquez, yet they are extremely original as well as powerful. Mr. Cameron is pretty certain of a distinguished future, for the level of his painting is as high as that of his etching.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY—IV.

THE sea generally encourages the painter to greater freedom than does the rendering of landscape. Mr. Somerscales, in his "Off Valparaiso" (in which he once more repeats his striking success of a merchantman in full sail scudding over the swelling blue waves) is certainly a little smooth; but Mr. Peter Graham is again as dashing and invigorating with his gulls circling across the foam-splashed canvas as convincing with his oft-repeated Scotch kine emerging from a mist. Mr. Allan and Mr. Napier Hemy give us pictures of the ocean with admirable spirit to which truth is in no jot sacrificed, and Mr. Edwin Hayes's "Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour," composes his grey-green waters and his whole scene into a composition in which "style" and quality prevail. Similarly, Mr. Hook—who in his eightieth year paints nearly as well as ever—treats the sea by the coast in which the mere view, interesting as it always is, is the least of his merits. It was left to Mr. Wylie to paint a great sea-fight. In this large and important work, representing "The Battle of the Nile," we have the scene at the moment of victory.

It is the fault of the Academy, rather than of the artists, that the exhibit of sculpture should always be what the French would call *très mince*; neither in point of numbers nor of elaborateness is it properly representative of the full strength of the present brilliant body of English statuaries. And yet in spite of it the section will give unforgiven delight to the appreciative visitor—especially to him who remembers how inferior was the work twenty years ago. Whether his taste is for monumental sculpture on a colossal scale, such as Mr. Thornycroft's fine and characteristic "Oliver Cromwell," or for memorial sculpture, such as Mr. Brock's tender and beauiful recumbent statue of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, or for official work of the highest kind, such as Mr. Onslow Ford's superb and yet entirely human bust of the Queen—he will find much here to admire unreservedly. Or if he prefer ideal compositions he will rejoice in the "Elf" of Mr. Goscombe John, "The Girdle" of Mr. Colton, the "Cain" of Mr. Roscoe Mullins, and "The Myrtle's Altar" by Mr. Lucchesi. The lover of the portrait bust will find several admirable examples, chief among which is Mr. Ford's head of Sir William Agnew; and those who have peculiar sympathy for that form of what may be called goldsmith's-sculpture which was introduced, or at least made popular, in this country by Mr. Alfred Gilbert—(who is represented only by a model of his beautiful railings and gate for Whippingham)—will take infinite pleasure in the late Harry Bates's beautiful "Mors Janua Vitæ," on which the sculptor was at work when death crowned his life. Many of the details of the base are not felicitous—the flight of ivory angels, indeed, is foolish; but it is an extremely fine thing, notwithstanding. Then we have Mr. Frampton's "St. George," and Mr. Reynolds Stephens' statuette of "Sir Lancelot and the Nestling." Mr. Swan contributes two of his magnificent studies of leopards, but Mr. Swan will be more delightful when there is less of Barye in his work. Besides these there is the great shield of enamels by Professor Herkomer, illustrating his philosophy of life; there is a remarkable *repoussé* cup by Mr. Gilbert Marks; and an interesting little collection of medals by M. de Saulles, M. Cazin, Mr. Frank Bowcher, and Mr. John.



THE REFRESHMENT ROOM ERECTED BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851



MADAME CELESTE'S HOUSE. WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY A. STANNUS

## The South Kensington Museum

## A RETROSPECT

MAY Day, 1851, was a momentous day in the history of art in England. On that day the Queen and the Prince Consort opened the International Exhibition in Hyde Park in the Crystal Palace—the identical building which is still with us, though far from the scene of its former triumphs. When Her Majesty, having answered the address read by the Prince Consort, instructed Lord Bredalbane to declare the exhibition open, she, so to speak, announced then and there the birth of the greatest art museum in the world, which, six years later, was to come into being.

The Hyde Park Exhibition, opened with such enthusiasm, was among one of the greatest events connected with the promotion of human industry, and it is probable that in the history of the world no rulers, before Queen Victoria and her Consort, had ever personally assisted such a work. Prince Albert had been President of the Society of Arts in succession to the Duke of Sussex since 1846, and took an active share in the work of the Society. He promoted the grant of the charter of incorporation in 1847, and always attended the annual meetings for the presentation of prizes, and took great interest in the art manufactures which Mr. Cole, afterwards Sir Henry Cole, was chiefly instrumental in promoting. Then came the proposal for a National British Exhibition, first put forward by Sir Henry Cole in 1848, and this grew into the International Exhibition of 1851, which, as has been said, led to the formation of the South Kensington Museum.

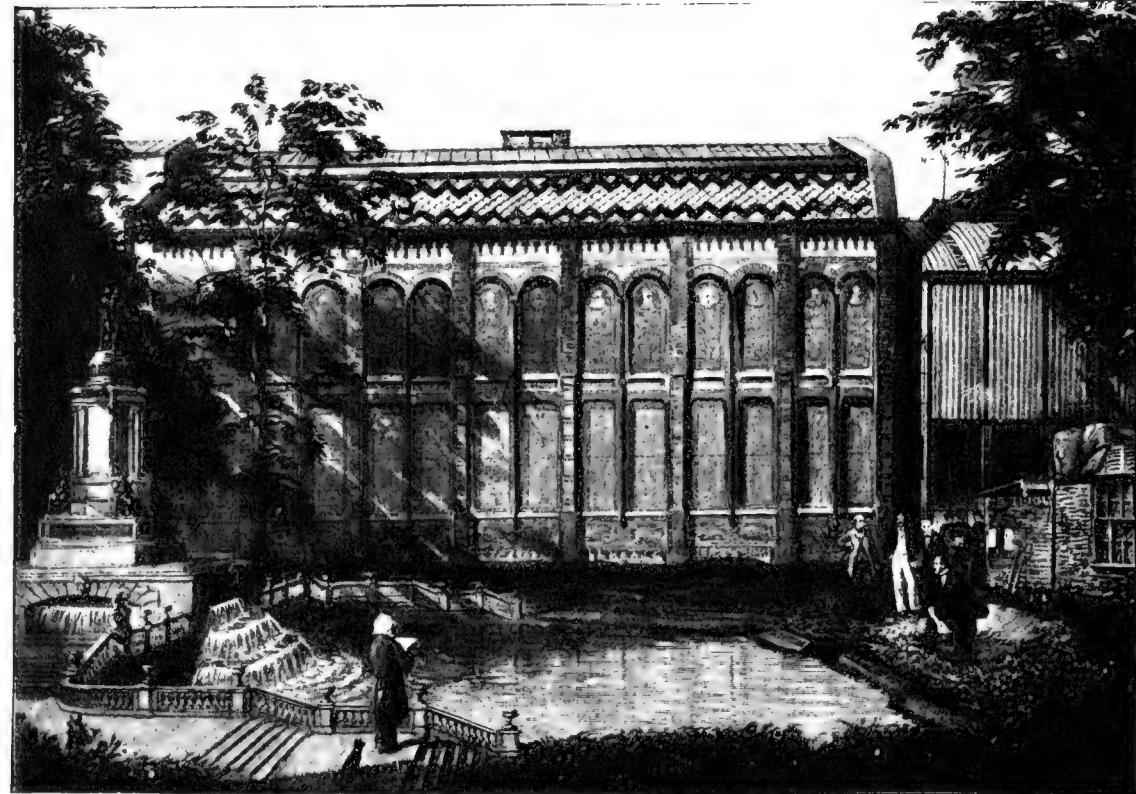
But there was also another origin which must not be omitted from any history, however brief, of that Institution—the Schools of Design. In the year 1835 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed on the motion of Mr. William Ewart, M.P. for Liverpool, "to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the Arts and of the principles of Design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the

country." The Committee recommended the establishment of Schools of Design. In accordance with this recommendation a proposal was made to the Treasury by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, that a sum of 1,500*l.* should be taken in the estimates for the establishment of a Normal School of Design with a Museum and Lectures. The Treasury having consented, the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Poulett Thompson) called a meeting, which was held on December 19,

In 1841 the Government decided to assist in the formation and maintenance of Schools of Design in the manufacturing districts, giving an annual grant for the training and payment of teachers, for the purchase of casts, and the preparation of models for the use of the Schools. In 1842 the Board of Trade reconstituted the Council, increasing the number of members to twenty-four, and placed the School of Design under the management of a director, who was to be controlled by the Council. The Parliamentary Vote for "Schools of Design," which was administered by the Board of Trade, had increased in 1851-2 to £5,055*l.*; there being seventeen branch schools in such centres of industry as Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, and Paisley, the expenditure on which absorbed nearly one-half of the vote.

These Schools of Design were, in fact, the beginning of the great Institution which now, sixty-four years after Mr. William Ewart's motion in the House of Commons, has developed into the world-famous South Kensington Museum, thanks to the International Exhibition of 1851, which gave it the necessary impetus not only by awaking a sense of art among the public at large, but by providing the necessary funds for the new scheme which followed. Of that scheme, as of the Exhibition of 1851 itself, the Prince Consort and Sir Henry Cole were again the leading spirits. When the success of the Exhibition was assured, and when the expected surplus became a tangible reality, the Prince and his colleagues began to discuss the plans for using the funds for the founding of some institution for improving public instruction in science and art. The Schools of Design were in possession of a certain number of specimens of works of art. From the year 1837 models, casts,

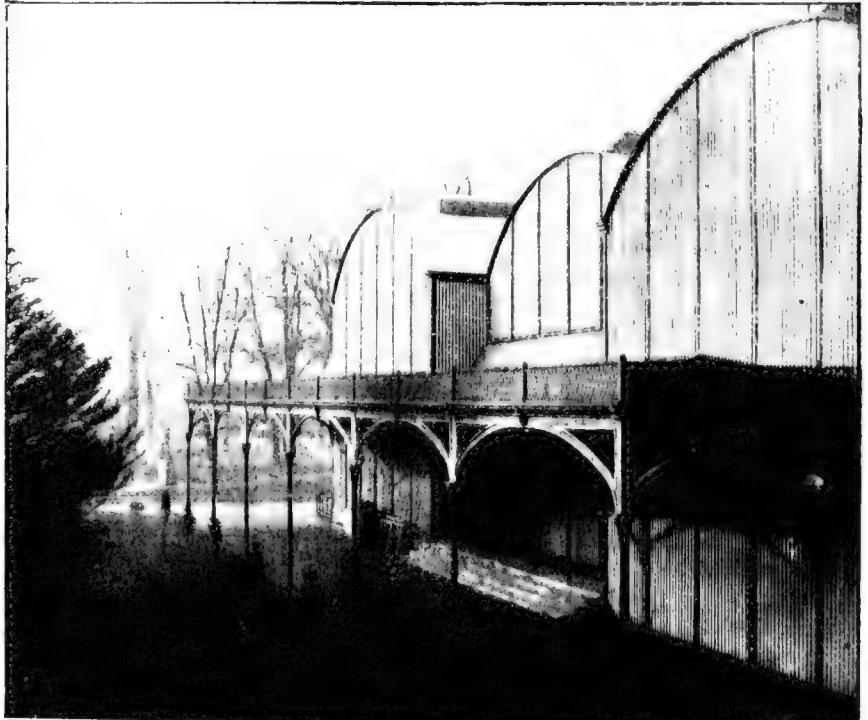
prints and other examples had been purchased for the purpose of instruction in design and ornamental art in the Schools of Design. Thus 1,299*l.* were spent in 1844-45 in the purchase of miscellaneous articles in Paris. These objects, which included casts of ornamental art of all periods, copies of Raphael's decorations of the Loggie of the Vatican, specimens of manufactures, &c., were stored in Somerset House. In 1851 the Board of Trade appointed a



THE PRINCE CONSORT INSPECTING IN 1861 THE MODEL OF THE 1851 EXHIBITION MEMORIAL NEAR THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY. WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY A. STANNUS



CLEARING THE GROUND FOR THE MUSEUM IN 1857



THE ORIGINAL ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM: "THE BOILERS"

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committee to select objects for purchase notable "entirely for the excellence of their art or workmanship" to the amount of 5,000/- from the Great Exhibition of that year. These objects, with others transferred from Somerset House, and loans from Her Majesty the Queen and other contributors, were exhibited at Marlborough House in May and June, 1852, and opened to the public as a Museum of Ornamental Art on September 6 of that year.

So that Marlborough House was really the first Museum building under the new arrangements. "At the advice of Prince Albert," says Sir Henry Cole, "the Queen gave permission to use the upper floors of Marlborough House. Colonel Phipps wrote to the Office of Works, and Phillips of that Department handed me the keys. I moved in with all speed, and when the rooms were all arranged it was found that the usual official formalities had not been followed, but were then carried out by the Board of Trade writing to the Office of Works and obtaining the Queen's approval. The collections of purchases from the Great Exhibition were publicly exhibited there. The Queen came to the opening on May 17, 1852, and offered to lend specimens of lace. Her Majesty also gave me permission to search Buckingham Palace for Sèvres china. I took away many pieces, each now worth 1,000/-, from housemaids' closets in bedrooms. The exhibition of this china made a great sensation, and led afterwards to its being properly arranged in Buckingham Palace, and an inventory made."

Towards the end of 1852 the Bandinel Collection of pottery and porcelain was acquired. A special loan exhibition of furniture was held by the Department in 1853 at Gore House, Kensington, as well as a collection of studies from the life by W. Mulready, R.A. Purchases to the extent of 8,583/- were made in 1855 from the collection of Mr. Bernal, principally of specimens of pottery and porcelain, majolica, glass, and metal-work, and in the same year the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) purchased the Gherardini collection of models for sculpture, which was placed in the Art Museum. This collection, inasmuch as it illustrated a branch of art not directly connected with manufactures, assisted in extending the limits of the Museum. It no longer comprised solely the industrial applications of art, but art collections of an ornamental character in general. In 1855 purchases were made of objects from the Paris Universal Exhibition, and in the following year negotiations were commenced for acquiring a large collection of medieval and Renaissance ornamental art from M. Soulages of Toulouse.

The Soulages collection was of extreme importance, and its acquisition at once placed the Museum upon a special footing. But the purchase was attended by great difficulties. Eventually a guarantee fund was formed by a number of gentlemen, and the collection was thus purchased in the names of Messrs. Dudley, Coutts, Marjoribanks, Matthew Uzzelli, and Henry Cole for 11,000/. The Treasury refused to buy it for the State, but eventually the collection was "hired" by the Department of Science and Art, and portions of it purchased annually by the Government at the rate of about 2,000/- a year. The value of the collection, if it were now sold, would be represented by a figure enormously above the price paid for it.

Then came the great event in the history of the Museum—the

transfer from Marlborough House to the site at South Kensington. In 1856 Parliament voted 10,000/- for the transfer, and in February, 1857, the museum was closed for the purpose of removal to the new premises. The circumstances under which the site at South Kensington was selected are thus detailed in the official records of the museum:—

Upon the close of the Exhibition of 1851 there was a surplus of over 150,000/. H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, who was President of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition, proposed that the sum should be expended in the purchase of land to be devoted to institutions for promoting Science and Art. An estate of about eighty-eight acres, which extended from Kensington Gore to Brompton, was in the market. Parliament co-operated with Her Majesty's Commissioners in its purchase, and voted altogether about 181,000/- for this purpose. By gifts and purchases from the Exhibition of 1851, by gifts from the Society of Arts, &c., the Commissioners had become possessed of various collections in Science and Art. They applied in 1855 to the Government for assistance in constructing a building to contain these collections, and Parliament voted 15,000/. An iron building was erected under the supervision of the late Sir William Cubitt upon the south-eastern portion of the

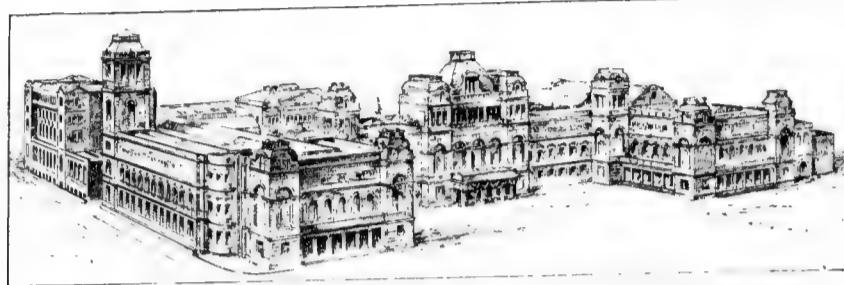
works were getting on. It was in December of 1856 that Sir Henry Cole, in conversation with the Prince Consort, suggested the title of "South Kensington" for the Museum, and this was approved.

Since the opening in 1857, the South Kensington Museum has slowly grown to what it now is—a strange, unfinished, and rather untidy-looking mass of buildings. The first work undertaken after the establishment of the Museum on the new site was the construction of a special gallery for the Sheepshanks collection of pictures. It was designed by Captain Fowke, and its western exterior was decorated with panels of sgraffito by Mr. Andrew MacCallum. In 1858 the Prince Consort appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. Redgrave, Captain Fowke, and Mr. Cole, to prepare a plan for laying out the land allotted to the Royal Horticultural Society behind the Albert Hall (not then built) and soon afterwards Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Cole made an extensive tour in Italy, which had important results when the new buildings of the Museum were put in hand. Additional picture galleries were erected adjoining the Sheepshanks Gallery and new buildings were provided for the National Art Training Schools. Next came the erection of four official residences, the façade of which forms the western face of the present inner quadrangle of the Museum buildings. This façade, designed by Captain Fowke, is the keynote of the style afterwards followed. "It is bold," says Sir Henry Cole, "upon that usually seen in North Italian buildings of the fifteenth century—red brick with fawn-coloured and red terracotta being chiefly used." Captain Fowke also built the large glazed court at the north-eastern end of the Museum precincts, and to it were afterwards added two courts, the decoration of which was devised by Mr. Godfrey Sykes, and carried out by him and his pupils. Mr. Sykes also devised the decoration of the central block of the inner quadrangle of the Museum. It was through the efforts of Sir Henry Cole

that the interest of artists generally was enlisted in the decoration of the Museum, and commissions were given to Royal Academicians and others from time to time. Among these were Mr. George Leslie, Mr. Marks, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Val Prinsep and Mr. Eyre Crowe. Sir Edward Poynter, then Mr. Poynter, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones designed portions of the dining-room, and, finally, Lord Leighton, then Mr. Leighton, painted in the lunettes in spirit fresco, the "Arts of War" and the "Arts of Peace."

Captain Fowke and Mr. Sykes died in 1865, and Colonel Scott succeeded the former. To Colonel Scott is due the South Eastern Court and the present Normal School of Science.

Such, briefly stated, is the history of the development of the South Kensington Museum. On Tuesday, as we describe elsewhere, Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new façade designed by Mr. Aston Webb, and thus brought nearer to completion the great work inaugurated by the Prince Consort. It is fitting that the name "Victoria and Albert" should be given to the new Museum, which embodies and represents the great art revival of the Victorian era.



A MODEL OF COLONEL SCOTT'S PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

estate, which Her Majesty's Commissioners gave up to the Department. They contributed 2,000/- for the building of refreshment rooms adjoining the iron building, and expended 3,000/- upon internal fittings. In 1858 they repaid 121,000/- of the money previously voted by Parliament, and the Government became possessed (under the Act 21 & 22 Vict. c. 36) of twelve acres, valued at 60,000/-, of the south-eastern portion of the estate. The buildings which had been erected, together with the old houses upon this portion of the estate, were used by the Department of Science and Art for the Museums of Education, Animal Products, and Ornamental Art, the National Art Training School, and the Offices of the Department. A portion of the building was also assigned for the exhibition of Patented Inventions under the Commissioners of Patents.

The museum (nicknamed the "Boilers") was opened on June 20, 1857, by the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, by night. Lord Granville and Mr. Cowper (afterwards Lord Mount Temple) received the Royal party, who expressed themselves quite pleased with the arrangements. But before this the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, had often been to see how the

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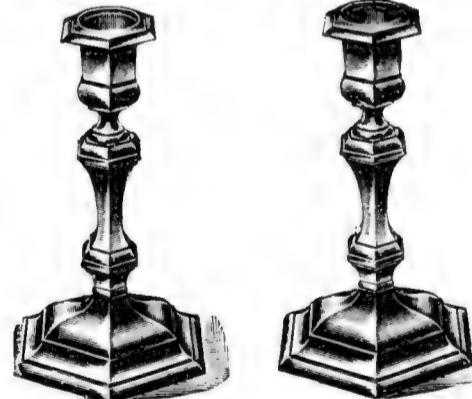
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## New Novels

## "A DAUGHTER OF THE VINE"

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, in "A Daughter of the Vine" (Service and Paton), deals in luridly powerful fashion with the terrible subject of dipsomania as inherited by a beautiful young woman without apparent temptation or defective will. It is true that the case of Nina Randolph is peculiar, inasmuch as her inherited tendency has been deliberately fostered from her infancy by her own mother for the sake of a fiendish vengeance, so that her father's daughter may be ruined in body and soul; a situation which we

prefer to regard as a ghastly impossibility. But the novel is none the less painful to read for all that, and all the more by reason of the strength with which so unsurpassable a piece of human—and inhuman—tragedy is handled. The good taste of attributing the fatal marriage of Nina's father to the boon-companionship of Branwell Brontë is questionable. But, with all its painfulness and all its faults, the novel fascinates the attention, while its pictures of Californian life in the interesting period of the early 'sixties are as good as anything its author has yet done, even of the same kind.

## "THE AMAZING LADY"

Magda Stacpoole, whose portrait M. Bowles has made the subject of a minute study under the above title (William Heinemann), is not conspicuously "amazing;" though of course it was natural enough that an impassioned lover should call her so. She is just an exceedingly silly and self-centred young woman, of feeble physique and anæmic habit, morbidly aesthetic after a style that went out about the time when bicycles came in, who has no doubt by this time become quite healthily commonplace as a wife and mother. Meanwhile, however, she is to be taken as a type of "modern soul, full of subtle fatigue and languidness," with "her tiny Beardsley shoulders, and her curious, fantastic silences." There is, perhaps, nothing contrary to experience in the engagement of this super-refined hot-house flower to a ruffianly cad, who made his kind of love to her in a way which nobody of mere everyday refinement would have stood for an instant. Indeed, Magda herself had to draw the line on finding that there was somebody else whom she liked better. Her story consists of a detailed chronicle of all her emotions under the antagonistic influence of her two lovers, and of her sufferings as the innocent mark of a village scandal. No doubt there are not a few Magda Stacpooles about; and their psychology is unquestionably of the profoundest interest—to themselves.

## "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD"

Happily, the anonymous "Autobiography of a Child" (Blackwood and Sons) which originally appeared in "Maga" is in no respect typical. It is supposed to represent the reminiscences of one whose girlhood, up to the age of twelve, was an experience of scarcely comprehensible cruelty—her mother being her chief enemy. There is an air of truth about it which makes it read as if it were published by way of vengeance for sufferings which the most commonplace child must have found terrible to bear, and, perhaps through life, impossible to forget and difficult to pardon. At the same time there would be something repulsive about such an exposure were it even half true; and, on the other hand, its invention would be the merest waste of futile fancy. There have no doubt been insanely cruel mothers, but at any rate they have never been so common as mortally sensitive children. The whole atmosphere of this exceedingly unpleasant volume is as fortunately abnormal as the temperaments with which it deals.

## "WELL, AFTER ALL—"

But for his name on the title-page, nobody would think of ascribing so humdrum a story of circumstantial evidence as "Well, after all—" (Hutchinson and Co.) to the usually piquant epigrammatic pen of Mr. Frankfort Moore. Indeed, it might have been written by any ordinarily capable novelist, and shows not even a symptom of its author's characteristic distinction. However, it is

likely to be long before the incidences of a suspicion of murder upon wrong shoulders ceases to be of interest, even in the case of a more clumsily and inconsequently constructed plot than Mr. Moore's, who is no doubt as much entitled as anybody else to the Homeric right of napping now and then.

## "DAVID HARUM"

"David Harum: A Story of American Life," by Edward Noy Westcott (C. Arthur Pearson), can only be called "story" courtesy. It is nevertheless a great deal better and more amusing than most stories, inasmuch as it is a chronicle of the sayings of a man of half conscious, half unconscious, but wholly first-rate humour: meaning distinctively American humour. Hard-headed and simple-hearted; sharp and shrewd in business, and kind and good, but more than generous to loyal service; a self-privileged oddity, partly by nature, partly, perhaps, from shyness, partly in independence, partly from irony, but essentially a gentleman, David represents a type which requires American air and colour for complete perfection.



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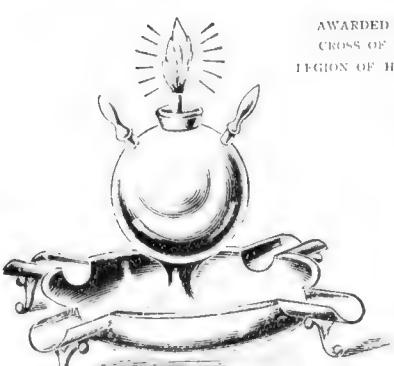
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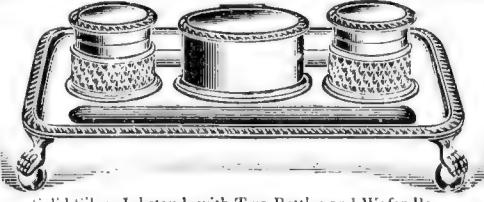


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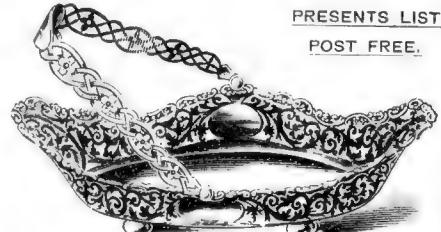


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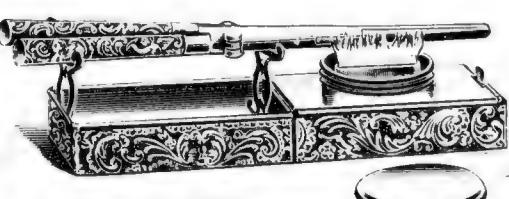


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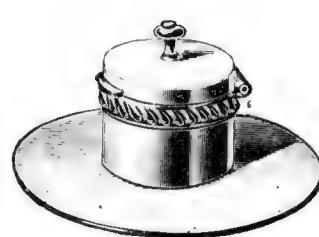
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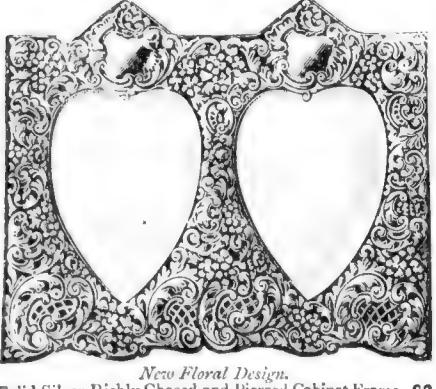


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## The Opera Season

DURING the first fortnight of the Covent Garden season Mr. Grau has mounted no fewer than ten operas, a very creditable performance, particularly as most of them are of grand operatic dimensions, and in the old days, or, indeed, even now on the Continent, each would have taken several weeks to put upon the stage. Also many of them have been newly cast, and they have been the means of introducing some half a dozen new artists. Moreover, the performances, so far as the stage business is concerned, have shown an immense improvement upon those of the past few years. The stage manager seems to have got his men into thorough working order, although, as for example in the Venusberg scene in *Tannhäuser* on Monday, further stage improvements are desirable, and may fairly be expected next year. The new electric lighting of the stage has proved an immense success. The daybreak scenes in *Lohengrin* and in *Carmen*, and the change to the sunny meadows in the second tableau in *Tannhäuser*, have been wonderfully well managed, while owing to the immense varieties of colour afforded by the new lamps, effects have been gained which heretofore were impossible. The new crimson act drop has been of service in the manner which was anticipated. At the back of these curtains there is now a drop scene, before which the artists come to acknowledge applause, so that while they are upon this often very lengthy business, the actual work of scene-setting is in progress.

Taking the account up from Wednesday last week, we have to mention a very fair performance of *Carmen*, in which Miss De Lussan repeated old successes, and M. Saleza, who has during the winter increased his American fame and his operatic experience, gave a vigorous interpretation of the part of the hero. On Thursday there was an enormous crowd for the first performance this season of *Tristan*, with M. Jean de Reszké as the swain, and his sister-in-law, Madame Litvinne, as the heroine. The lady, in stage presence, scarcely realises the ideal youthful heroine; but she is a thorough artist, and particularly in the great situation in the second act of *Tristan* she was a worthy associate of the great Polish tenor, who has never sung better in his life than in the death scene in the last act. Frau Schumann-Heink was a magnificent Brangäne, and Herr Van Rooy excellent as the faithful Knight Kurwenal. On the other hand, M. Edouard de Reszké, who is still in Paris, was much missed as the King. This was the last occasion on which Herr Mottl conducted. The prices of stalls at the libraries went

up to 2*l.* 5*s.*, and the lowest charge for admission was 5*s.* for the topmost gallery. Small wonder that the performance (although at more modest prices) was repeated on Tuesday of this week. On Friday Madlle. Strakosch sang Marguerite in *Faust*. Her voice is hardly big enough for Gounod's music, but she acted with great intelligence, and managed indeed in the Church scene to invest with many points of novelty her reading of the part.

*Aida* was revived on Saturday mainly for Madame Litvinne, who gave a most dramatic representation of the part of the heroine. For once the Italian operatic artists had an innings, as Signor Ancona sang the part of that truculent individual, the prisoner Amonasro, and Signor Mancinelli as conductor fairly let his band go in the Triumph scene. Madame Ilomar, a newcomer, looked

Fowler, while M. Jean de Reszké will, of course, be Lohengrin. Frau Schumann-Heink will be Ortrud. Mr. Bispham will be Telramund, and Madame Nordica, who will by that time returned from the holiday which she has taken after her arduous duties in America, will be the Elsa. Signor Mancinelli will conduct as Dr. Muck is required at one of the German performances at the opera on that night. The whole of the second, or Minster, with its immensely long duets, will be omitted.

## LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL—PEROSI'S ORATORIOS

Although the audiences at the London Musical Festival at Queen's Hall last week were not very big, except on Tuesday night, when M. Paderewski appeared, and on Saturday afternoon when the two bands (in all 200 performers) took part in a miscellaneous programme, Mr. Robert Newman is so far satisfied with his enterprise that he announces another Festival next year, this time, however, during the first instead of the second week in May.

Those who feared that Signor Perosi's oratorios would suffer from production in a concert hall instead of in a church proved to be right. The oratorios were given last week, but to at any rate of them, namely, the *Transfiguration of Christ* and the *Raising of Lazarus* made comparatively little impression. They are, indeed, amateur works, doubtless thoroughly sincere, but thanks to the crudeness of the orchestration and to the excess of narrative (partly arioso, partly recitative) they frequently proved dull. Indeed *Lazarus* practically contains only two choruses, one at the end of each part, and both of them devoted to old Roman Catholic hymns. On the other hand, the *Resurrection of Christ* is a far superior work, showing that as he gains experience the young Italian composer is displaying his natural strength. The last part, in which a Triumph theme for the brass so frequently reappears, together with an "Alleluia" set to an old Gregorian chant and sung by the choir of angels as the risen Saviour is recognised by Mary and the Apostles, is remarkably fine. The performance of the oratorios, however, both on the part of the chorus and orchestra, left a great deal to be desired. Fortunately, Mr.

Robert Newman has prevailed upon Father Perosi himself to come to England, and to conduct three special performances of the *Resurrection of Christ* at Queen's Hall next month.

As during the past fortnight nearly one hundred concerts have been given it is obvious that they cannot now be dealt with. It will, however, be of interest to state that Dr. Richter made his welcome reappearance on Monday in a mixed programme, comprising Lrahms' Fourth Symphony and several Wagnerian works, that M. Paderewski gave his only recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday with two of Beethoven's sonatas and a plentiful selection from Chopin, and that on Thursday Madame Patti was announced to make her first appearance this season at the Albert Hall, and a portion of the Yorkshire chorus engaged at the Leeds Festival took part in the Philharmonic performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.



A handsome service of silver plate, a gold jewel, and an illuminated address have been presented to Lie. tenant-Colonel John Allen Biddle, V.D., J.P., Past G.D., Eng., P.D.P.G.M., by the Freemasons of Staffordshire. The presentation was made by the Earl of Dartmouth on behalf of the subscribers. Messrs. Ellington and Co., Limited, London and Birmingham, were entrusted with the order.

PRESENTATION BY THE STAFFORDSHIRE FREEMASONS

pretty enough, though she found the music of Amneris rather too much for so light a voice, but Herr Dippel was as vigorous as ever as the young general Radames. On Monday *Tannhäuser* was performed for the first appearance this season of M. Van Dyck, who was rather out of voice, and the *debut* of Frau Gadski, a vocalist of German birth, who has both in opera and in concerts achieved a high degree of celebrity in the United States. Her voice wants a little more power, but she is pretty and queenly, and is a born actress. On this occasion also Dr. Muck, the eminent conductor from Berlin, made his first appearance.

The Royal performance of *Lohengrin*, which will be given next Wednesday in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle, will have a wonderfully strong cast. For this occasion M. Edouard de Reszké will return to England to play the part of King Henry the

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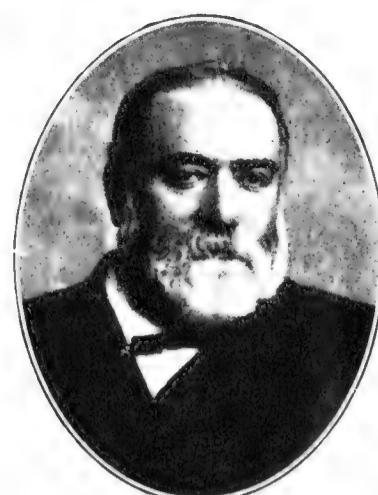
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OUR PORTRAITS

(Continued from page 627.)

Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, K.C.B., who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, has had a distinguished naval career. He joined the Navy in 1850. As a Captain he was in charge of the training ship *Britannia* when the Duke of Clarence and Duke of York served on board as cadets. He commanded the *Monarch* at the bombardment of Alexandria. He has been a Lord of the Admiralty, Commander-in-Chief of the Australian station, and Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron.—Our portrait is by West and Son, Southsea.

The news that the Earl of Strafford had been killed on the railway on Tuesday was a terrible shock to a wide circle of friends. The Earl, it seems, was waiting at Potter's Bar Station the arrival

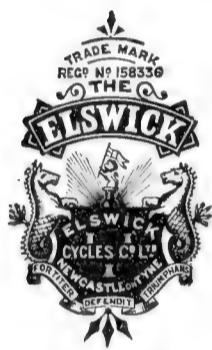
of the Cambridge express from King's Cross, when, as the train approached at great speed, he fell on to the line, and was killed instantly. The Earl, who was the fourth to bear the title, was born in 1828. He had been Page of Honour, Groom-in-Waiting, and Equerry successively to the Queen. He succeeded his brother in the title last year.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

M. Francisque Sarcey, who died on Tuesday, was the most brilliant of the French dramatic critics. M. Sarcey was born in 1828. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, and was for a time professor of philosophy at Grenoble. Resigning that post in consequence of a feeling against him created by some articles he had written, M. Sarcey took to journalism, and after writing for about six years became dramatic critic of the *Temps*.

Mr. George Fosbery Lyster, who died in London last week, was formerly engineer-in-chief of the Mersey Dock Board. Mr. Lyster

was in Liverpool a week ago in good health, but, after returning to London he became ill and pneumonia supervened. Mr. Lyster was for many years regarded as one of the most eminent dock engineers in the world. He carried out a number of important engineering works before his appointment by Mersey Board in 1861. The Liverpool Docks were practically modelled under his direction at an expenditure of nineteen million sterling.—Our portrait is by Medrington, Liverpool.

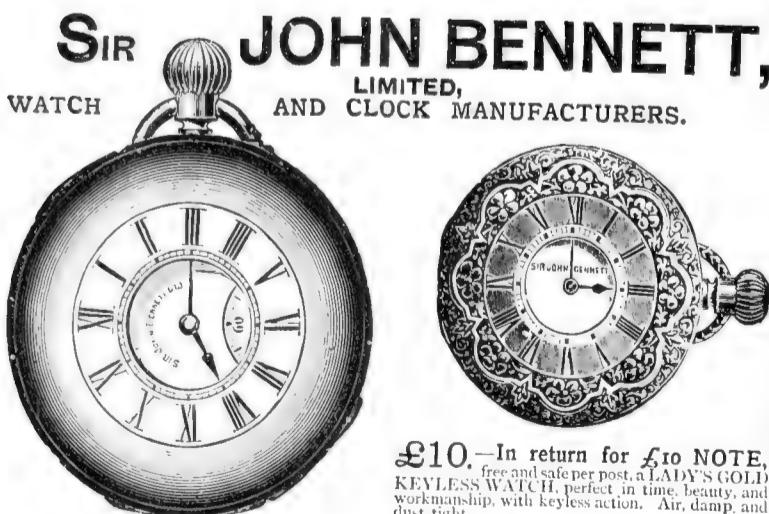
Another Crimean veteran has passed away in the death of Sergeant Alexander Shields, late of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, who died last week. He was at the time of his death Senior Yeoman of the Guard. He took part in the charge of the Household Brigade at Balaclava. He commanded the left troop of the squadron of the Inniskillings in that charge, behaving with gallantry and receiving four sabre and three lance wounds.—Our portrait is by Ball, Regent Street.



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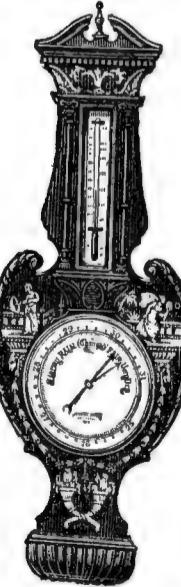
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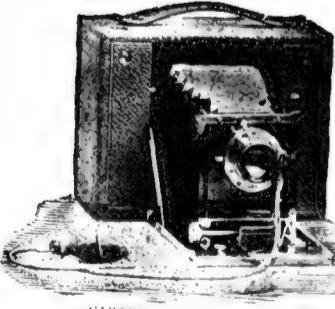
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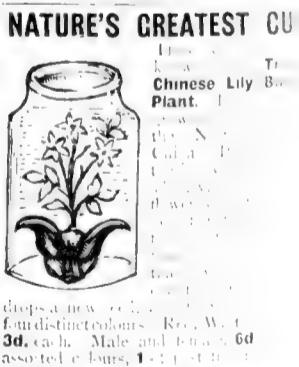
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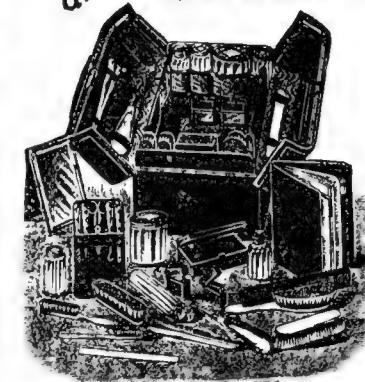
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## Vernal Notes

## THE SEASON

THE aspect of the wheat fields, our hope for this year's harvest, is not satisfactory. The blades are browner in tint than they should be and the growth is stunted. The need of genial warmth by night as well as by day is now very great. The Lent corn requires double report, for while the barley has obviously found the last four weeks against it, the oats have done pretty well. That the weather has been trying to various forms of plant life may be imagined from this brief "Berkshire note," which says "Bright sunshine most days, several degrees of frost at night, and the early potatoes all blackened." In Kent the hop plant is a fortnight backward. The chestnuts are rich in their candelabra of white and pink blossom, and both white and mauve lilac is now fully out. The purple flags are decidedly late, and the night frosts have killed hundreds of the more delicate foreign sorts of iris. The April-sown roots, turnips, and mangolds need rain, but the main need of the country is for a more genial temperature after sundown and before sunrise. In the orchard cherries are a great show, and the blossom has not suffered from wind as in many seasons. The lambs are not

## THE GRAPHIC

doing well, and the losses of foals in the horse-breeding districts are heavier than for a number of years. The meadows have come on but little during the past fortnight, but the good hay stores left by last year are seldom quite played out, and rye now being cut green comes in as a useful aid. Mutton is dearer in most towns, and there is an excellent demand for sheep.

## SPARROW CLUBS

The Greeks, who assigned the sparrow to Aphrodite, and the Romans, who kept the same bird in a cage as we do the canary, could not have known them in their millions as we do nowadays. It is a bird which, for some occult reason, was not plentiful in the classic days, though it is difficult to say that its pugnacity, or power of extruding harmless insectivorous small birds, has been developed since the times of Catullus. Whether its extension to the detriment of swallows, finches, and warblers will be checked by the sparrow clubs now being formed must be left for time to show, but in the Isle of Thanet a single club has killed 14,594 in a year, one member alone being responsible for a slaughter of 2,150. The case against the sparrow is conclusive, but the shooting of the small bird is not a matter that can be regarded altogether with equanimity.

Could the School Board boy be trusted to lower his weapon when he saw the bird was a linnet or a finch, nay, in these days of enlightenment and freedom from superstition could he be trusted to spare even a robin redbreast? The alternative is to keep the gun in the hands of grown men and observant naturalists; but then there comes the question, have such men the leisure to go about shooting sparrows?

## IRELAND

Mr. Gerald Balfour is bent upon giving Ireland home rule in agriculture, and a Bill to that effect has already been introduced into Parliament. It will give Ireland a separate Board of Agriculture, wholly free from Whitehall control, and having over 160,000/- to spend. It will have extensive powers to teach, to supply lecturers, to develop technical instruction. In fact, it is an extensive and a thorough-going measure, such as, if introduced twenty years ago by a Liberal Minister, would have been denounced by the whole Tory Press as a sinister attempt to pave the way for a more complete separation between the two countries. The decentralisation will, we fear, have many statistical drawbacks, but already Ireland has separate crop returns, and the Government Blue Book issued every August is limited to Great Britain.

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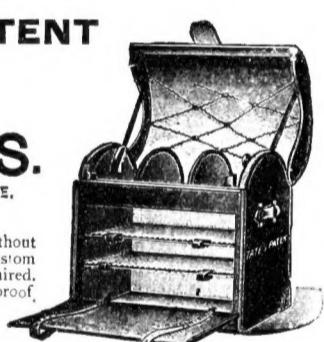
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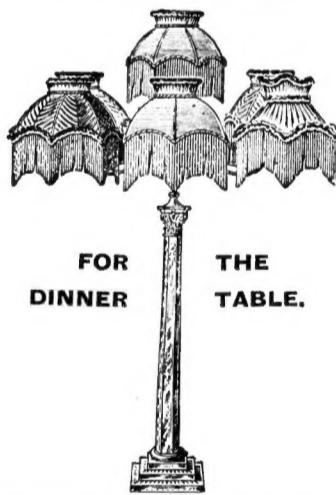
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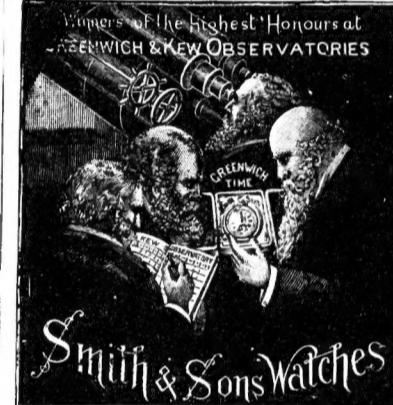
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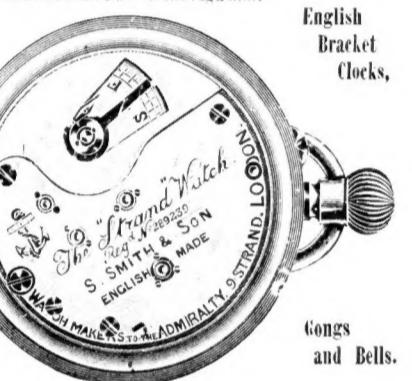
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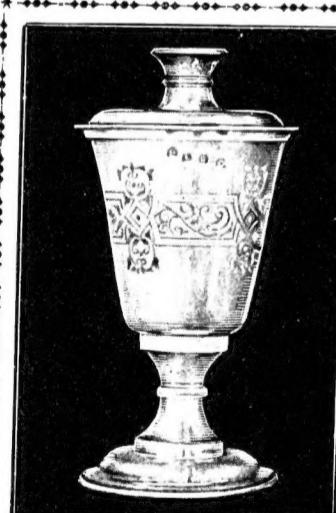
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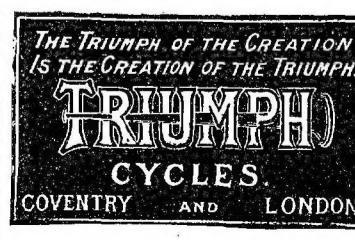
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